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ME LIES SO LOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The woods are full of dying bloom,
And grieving winds are straying
Around the summer's garnished tomb;
The voices of the haying
Are hushed along the sedgy alough,
The quail mourns the long corns
through,
A murmur as of praying

through,
A murmur as of praying
Floats where the dreaming woodlands goHe cannot heed what I am saying,
He lies so low!

I know be must have wildly thought,
In that last hour of dying,
Of our own valley woodland-locked,
And gased, in tearful sighing,
O'er shat broad land so strange and new;
And yearned for skies o'er mountains blue,
And wild-birds swittly flying
O'er siry crags. He cannot know
Or meet with grieved replying,
He lies so low!

That I should weep above his grave, Where prairie flowers are burning, Where prairie Howers are burning,
As the long summers come and go,
To him no more returning,
We never thought in those sweet days,
Bathed in glad springtide's tender hase,
And filled with youthful yearning;
We loved, we rang, we revelled so!
And now in Life's gisd mourning,
He lies so low.

Glow ye weird sunsets, trail your gold Across the purple heaven! Your note of sorrow, mourning dove, Wail to the list'ning even! Watch ye pale violets by his head, Sing birds your requiem o'er my dead, The while to me 'tis given To feel the dull years come and go; For him to bear a heart bereaven, Who lies so low. NRS. M. E. CLARKE.

# UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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## CHAPTER I. A MYSTERY.

"Mr. Thorndike has come back. He will be here to supper. Rachel, I depend upon you to have every thing in order." Rachel Garth bowed her head at these words of her father.

words of her father.

"And—you may as well have fire built in
the best room, I think."

"The best room!" exclaimed a young,
fresh voice in strong contrast with the other,
for whereas his was cold and leaden, without an atom of clasticity, hers had a ringing, "The best room, I said to your sister."

There was a very decided rebuke in the tone, and something more—a kind of astonishment that any one, most of all this child that Mr. Garth had striven day and night as it were, to reduce to a state of passive obedience, should express the alight-est remark upon any command he chose to

utter.

Mr. Garth had just risen from the dinner table. He walked to the fireplace now, and standing with his back to it, crossed his hands in the warmth of the blaze, for it was a chilly November day, and though he was not cold, he would soon have to breast its inclemency. Then he glanced around and his eye fell reprovingly upon his youngest

"Lucy," he said sternly, "you would commend yourself more to any proper and judicious person by keeping your hair in better order. Those untidy ends flying about are very annoying to me. How often must I speak of it! The Apostle Paul especially discountenances outward adornment and plaiting of the hair—"

Mr. Garth paused. In his zeal he had rather overstepped the mark, becoming aware too late that plaiting of the hair could not exactly apply to his daughter, who had allowed her soft, golden-tinted curls to droop daintily behind one small ear that looked as if it might have been sculptured.

Her quick brain caught at the blunder. She was in a strange mood to-day, or she would not have dared to brave her father

the second time.

"I believe my hair is not plaited," she returned with an almost flippant air. "Rachel's is. Turn round, Rachel, and let father see the difference between braiding

father see the difference between braiding that you have to do yourself, and carls that nature insists upon doing for you."

After Lucy Garth had uttered this she felt so thoroughly frightened that she would have been thankful to have the floor open so thoroughly frightened that she would have been thankful to have the floor open and swallow her. In her childhood's days these outbreaks had been punished by being put in a dark room, sent to bed supperless, or even the use of the rod. When she

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thought of the blows he had given ber, father though he was, she hated him! She used to set her little white teeth vengefully together at such recollections, and if she was a bitter, faithless, satirical heathen, he had helped make her one.

"Luce!" had help "Lucy!"

had helped make her one.

"Lucy!"

She could imagine the sensation of any one being shot through with a bullet. She experienced a cold, terrible wound somewhere that deprived her almost of breath. For diaguise it as she might, she still felt afraid of him.

"Will you never learn to show proper respect to your superiors, girl?"

It would have done Mr. Garth a great deal of good if he could have marched across the room and boxed his daughter's ears soundly. But the last time that he had indulged in this parental liberty, nearly two years before, Lucy had turned upon him with the passion of a tigress.

"If you ever dare to strike me again you will repent it. I shall kill myrelf, and you will be a murderer! How will you answer that to my mother at the last day?"

Her flashing eyes held him spell-bound. The threat possibly might have had some effect, for though many a time since the desire had been strong upon him, he had restrained himself.

effect, for though many a time since the desire had been strong upon him, he had restrained himself.

Lucy made no answer, but looked cold and sullen. Mr. Garth turned around and warmed his face, which did not need it, being hot and red with anger.

Then he gave some unimportant charge to his elder daughter, who had sizen from the table, and marched out pompouely.

The room was large, but gray and cheerless looking. Even the fire of logs blaxing upon the hearth could not give it a pleasant air. A dull hempen carpet covered the floor, and this in turn was covared with a still more dismal square under the table. The high mantel was surmounted with a pair of brass candlesticks at the corners, and a samfors and tray in the centre. The wall was a bidcous dingry yellow, the pain a forlorn tint of drab, selected because it would not soil easily. The window shades, and there were five in the room, were of faded buff holland with faded drab trimmings.

If the master of the house inveighed bitterly against the pomps and vanities of the world, he would have made but a poor ascetic after all, for he was not given to stinting the inner man. There was a remnant of demolished turkey upon the table, flanked with oyster salad and various other delicacies. The plates of pudding had been generous too, and the sauce rich, if one could judge from that still floating on Lucy's almost untouched plate. Mr. Garth liked good living, it must be confessed.

I may as well pause here and describe these two girls. One was seventeen, the other seven and twenty. You would not fancy them sisters by any subtile trick of nature, though she does sometimes indulge in far-reaching resemblances. They had different mothers, which must account for the extreme dissimilarity, though there was much of the Garth about Rachel.

The first Mrs. Garth had been a hardworking, self-denying woman, very religious also, of the severe type. Nothing ever kept her away from church on Sunday mornings.

The first Mrs. Garth had been a hard-working, self-denying woman, very religious also, of the severe type. Nothing ever kept her away from church on Sunday mornings. In winter, when the services were in the afternoon, she always went twice. She read her Bible aloud in the evening, and there her outward observances stopped. I think she meant to be honest and earnest, but her creed was narrow and her nature was narrower still, if such a thing were possible. rower still, if such a thing were possible. From Monday morning until Saturday night she worked and saved. Not an idle moment was allowed, not a penny, a candle end or a pin was wasted. Of course Mr. Garth prospered. He was one of the proprietors of a pered. He was one of the proprietors of a large woollen mill at Dedham, a small, but

flourishing manufacturing town.

Perhaps in his early days he might have been made more comprehensive and trader of soul, but he fell easily into his wife's ways, and by practising them at the Mill, he considered himself much the gainer. That he was a hard master I need not tell

Four children were born to them. Mrs Garth had peculiar ideas about managing children. When she was through with the most important of her morning's work she took up her babe, washed, dressed and fed it, and deposited it again in the cradic. If it felt disposed to cry, it was allowed to cry until exhausted nature fell asleep. She would have no interference, for she did not want her children spoiled. Three of them found life too severe a

struggle and gave it up in wild wailing de-spair. This might have been Rachel's fake, but her mother overworked herself too soon, and between cold and fever, died.

soon, and between cold and fever, died.

Miss Garth came to keep house. She had never admired her sister-in-law, but in ker way she was equally sharp and decided. Racbel was put out to nurse, as being the cheapest way of solving the difficulty.

When the child was three years old her aunt married and went West. Then arose strifes and heart-burnings, jealousies and gossip in Detham. Mr. Garth was a rich man, and not too old to marry. Widows and spinsters were on the alert, smiles, kind advice and attention were showered upon him, and fondert love upon the child.

He surprised and angered the town very



THE MAN WITH THE IRON MARK. [SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

should be brought into requisition at such a time.

He might have known that this gay, young thing would find nothing entertaining or satisfactory in his dull life. He had no right to ask her to share it usless he felt willing to make it a trifle brighter for her.

She accepted him with a girl's romance. He was much older, and therefore she could be both a pleasure and duty to soothe and comfort. His little girl was motherless, and her heart absolutely yearned over the child, for she was fond of babies and children. Her uncle and aunt found that Mr. Garth was a well to do, responsible man, and thought it a lucky chance for her. Six months afterwards they were married.

To a girl who had done nothing for the first twenty years of her life except to go to school, read, write letters, visis, attend concerts, lectures and parties, make herself pretty and entertaining, and be petted on hevery hand, this ways agreat change. A cheerless looking home, after all the old gayness and brightness, a cold, self-contained child whom no advances could win, and a host of ill-natured critics that nothing could satisfy, but she never tried.

Mr. Garth came to his senses and repented but she never tried.

Mr. Garth came to his senses and repented his marriage. His home was not a comfortable one, contrasted with the past reign. A servant was called in, and the ancient sister-hood held up their hands in horror. "There had been no such thing in poor Mrs. Garth's time!"

had been no state that time?"

Young Mrs. Garth longed to beautify inside and out. She wanted the place newly furnished. She wanted pictures, and vases for bouquets, and books. Mr. Garth would as soon have thrown his money into the sax When he ordered the hired man to uproot the rows of aun-flowers and holy-books and lay out regular flower-beds, he gave a doubt ful and rather sneering laugh, but it was

Then she made another attempt at cultivating Rachel. She had been used to happy froliceome children who did a handred naughty things, said they were sorry, and then straightway did them over again. But they were loveable, had clinging arms and soft, sweet lips, laughed and tumbled about

and were a constant pleasure and trouble.

This precise little Rachel Garth was neither. A martyr-faced child, who see nec neither. A martyr-faced child, who see med a continual reproach, a being who studied her catechism and psalms, went to church, and was precoclously religious. The sisters attended to her spiritual welfare and pitied her for falling into the haeds of such a heathen as her step-mother. They even sympathised with Mr. Garth, who was weak enough to concede that his marriage had been a mitche. been a mistake

you may imagine that poor Mrs. Garth's days were miscrable enough. She used to resolve sometimes that she would run away, but she had no friends to shelter her now, and knew not where to go unless she threw herself into the river, and she fancied that she was much too wicked to die. Then be child was born, and for awhile came blissfu

The first dispute was about the child's name. Mr. Garth wished to call her Pa-tience, after one of the earlier children and his own mother. She insisted that it should be Lucia Mackenzie, and he declared that no

should be brought into requisition at such a child of his should have such a name. Final-time.

He might have known that this gay, young thing would find nothing entertaining or satisfactors in his dull life. He had no right times."

Mrs. Garth had learned to circumvent her husband. She had been frank and open as the day when he married her, but latterly she had gained some points in a less honor-able fashion. She gave in at last, and ac-tually called the baby Patience in its father's

tually called the baby Patience in its father's presence.

So they went to church. "Name this child," said the clergyman.

She had slipped a bit of card in his hand before the ceremony, and he had made himself master of the appellation. Now she whi-pered it acain.

"Lucia Mackensie I baptise thee..."

Mr. Garth was horror struck! It was all over, and the mother kissed her babe with devout thankfulness. That day she asked her husband to give her enough money to support herself and child and she would go away, for even purgatory would be heaven compared with this place.

He actually hated her as much as his phlegmatic temperament could be roused to hate. A mean, spit-ful, underhand way of thwarting and making her feel his power. She lived in and for her child, and somehow he never dared interfere. If he had ill-treated that in any way I am afraid she

he never dared interfere.

he never dared interfere. If he had illtreated that in any way I am afraid she
would have murdered him, for her fury
would have been like a tiger's.

The poor thing pined away, and no one
ever saw it. At last she died suddenly when
Lucia was nine years old. God was meroiful to her, and kept the burthen of her
child's future life from crushing her soul
utterly at that moment. I think He had infinite pity upon the warped and thwarted
life that had been made by man's cruelty to
bring forth thorns instead of roses.

Rachel was nineteen at this time, and her
father's housekeeper. Rather above medium
height, and not a bad figure, if she had possessed a particle of taste. Her hair was

sessed a particle of taste. Her hair was dark, soft, and abundant; her complexion decidedly good at this time—but at seven-and-twenty, rough and sallow. Her features

and-twenty, rough and sallow. Her features were well enough, except that her lips were thin; but she had very peculiar and uncomfortable eyes, a sort of opaque leaden blue, like her father's.

She was neat, energetic, without possessing quite the driving spirit of her mother; economical, handy with her needle, the pet of the Dorcas Society, and her father's pride, as far as he could be proud of anything that was not absolute gold. She had never made any pretence of liking her stepmother; and even before her death, could dissect her in a most admirable way, for the entertainment of the sisterhood at the teadrinkings.

entertainment of the sisterhood at the tead drinkings.

But to Lucia, her mother's death was the knell of hope and love. First, her long, golden ringlets were shorn—but still the ends obstinately iosisted upon making counties curls, which were an abomination. The dresses and aprons were despoiled of their dainty ruffles, and a blue checked bib substituted, for the child had altogether too much variety.

There were some hard battles between her and her father—but she soon learned that there was no course save submission. She was not conquered. She ground her kind who ever do commit suicida.

teeth and waited. For the last year she had been emanulpating herself rapidly.

Her father had insisted now upon her being called Lucy. She used to ridicule it with her keen sarcarm, and marked every article of her clothing in full—Lucia. There was a sort of smothered, tacit war between her and the household.

After her father had left the room, she drew the next chair neaver, and placing her small feet upon it, leaned back lasily. A very pretty girl was Lucia Mackensie Garth. Smaller and slighter than her sister, and rounded with the perfection of Greek sculpture. This coarse brown merico dress could not hide it; and the plain linea collar was only a foll for the whiteness and graceful turn of the neck. She had one of those fair, flushing skins that was a subtle charm in itself. Her features were not altogether regular, but one only remarked the effect, which was exquisite from the broad, lew brow to the rounded dimpled chia. Her grees were very dark, and changed with every gust of feeling. There was in them a wonderful capacity for pleasure or pain, as almost fierce hunger and a cort of caustic soorn. It was a poculiar face, for it could soften radiantly or harden to caystal coldeness as the mood swept over her—and it could also flash and flame in a way that warned the beholder to beware of the volcano that might burnt forth with a word. It was this blaze that had cowed her father a time or two.

So you see she was not altogether defence—

cano that might burst form wish a word was this blaze that had cowed her fash time or two.

Ho you see she was not altogether defectes—and yet she was one for whom dreaded the hattle of life. The rapid a ner in which she could traverse abyses pleasure or pain startled you; for to souls the strife is often fearful, the vie and the crown come too late.

Rachel began to pile the plates toget and pack up cups and saucers. She quite thin now, which made har look to and sallow, se I have said. Her really hitful hair was gathered at the back knot of braids, because it kept smee and was less trouble. Her morning out it lasted the whole day.

She still retained much of the mulike look, and had adopted a peculiar caught at the Dorcas meetings. A hold, uncompremising woman, whose viewer scarcely less exasperating than positions.

"Lage." she said, with a certain appearance of the said.

vices.

"Lucy," she said, with a certain asperity,
"you had better be carrying some of these
dishes to the kitchen."

"What do we keep Hetty for?"

With that, Lucy Garth took up her plate
of pudding and began to mince dainty little
morsels.

"Lucy," her sister rejoined, in a tone of
deapair, "one would think that you had
been told times enough about that habit.
Father would not allow it even now."

"Well, he is not here," in a cool, indifferent voice.

"And you always were an eye servant."
Luey's cheeks were scarlet at that.
"I am no one's servant;" she flung out,

"I am no one's servant;" she flung out, angrily.
"No, you are a vain and indolent girl, disrespectful to father, and insolent to every one else. I have tried my best, I am sare, to bring you up as a respectable girl should be reared—but you turn saids after erdi continually. I've done my duty, and I shall wash my hands of the matter. It must be settled between you and father."

He gave her peculiar snift, and turned away, with a tower of plates and sewers surmounted by cups. The door being shut,

surmounted by cups. The door being shut, she had to set them down while Lucy trifled over her pudding, her eyes growing darker and darker.

and darker.

"Yes, wash your hands," she returned, scornfully. "You said once, Rachel, that my mither begged to go away, even if it was into the cheapest retirement. I wish she had—I wish she had—I think you and father both hate me for her sake;" wringing her hands. "Can I help being pretty? and that's a cause of offence to you and those maundering old women, who are enough to set one's teeth on edge. Sometimes I'm tempted to run away. I'd do well enough, I daresay! I might marry some one!"

"Marry!" With that there was a crash, and the steeple of cups lay in fragments at Hachel's feet. Lucy laughed. A provoking, elfab peal,

Lucy laughed. A provoking, enant peal, that rasped Rachel's slow narves.

"That's my fault, too, I suppose?"

One peculiarity of Lucy Garth, was the readiness with which her moods changed. A second ago, she was in a white heat of passion; now Rachel's woe begone face, as she studied the pieces upon the carpet, was too indicrous. too ludicrous.
"Laws a massy! Miss Rachel, what has

that child been doin' agin?"
This was from Hetty, who put her head in the opening of the door.
"It wasn't me this time," announced

Lucy, trinmphantly.

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She drawmed upon the greenish window-panes with her slender, rowy flagers. The sky was leaden, the trees hare, and some hard, round pallets of snow were blown about by the biting wind. How schemble it was out there—and how missrable it was withing! Life was a burbong, a find, dreary, unsventful probation. Some give movined; but have wer Hashel, twenty-seven, and not one love yet. Could she get out of this hateful mund, by manying?

What was Hr. Thorselike like? He had been away fee years; and she could hardly remember whether there was anything pleasant about him or not. He had an in-terest in the business—at least his father had left him some money invested in it, but

had left him some money invested in it, but he had been out on Lake Superior, interested in a copper-mine. What had brought him back? Did Rachel like him?

### CHAPTER II. MR. THORNDIKE.

Lucy went up-stairs presently, wranged herself in an old shawl, and curied up into

specimen of humanity; but the eyes of seventeen are not over critical. Anything of the kind was such a treat to her, in her forlorn and solitary life. She had begun to emancipate herself, it is true. With a father

emancipate herself, it is true. With a father worth eixty or eighty thousand, she had no fancy for toiling like a bondwoman!

Bo while Hetty and Rachel scoured and moised in the kitchen—she read, and dozed, and dreamed. Through it all, she kept thinking—"Mr. Thorndike is coming, and father has ordered fire in the best room."

What did it mean? How old could be be? Would it make any difference in their lives—hers and Rachel's rs and Ruchel's !

hers and Eachel's?

If she could have seen the difference that it was destined to make! I wonder—but then we never can see, and we always drift on to fate in a blind, helpless sort of

She felt cold and shivering, so she ran down stairs. The parlor door was open the merest space, for Rachel had found it rather warm when the fire was once fairly

Lucy ventured in. There sat Rachel, er than ever, stitching wristbands for ther. Sewing-machines were her

Ruchel Garth looked neither young no pretty. She should not have been as old, hard, and weather-beaten—for I know of no hard, and weather-beates—for I know of no other word to express the peculiar effects of san, wind, and toil—at twenty-seven. Sit-ting there, she was the impersonation of an "old maid," with the absence of that grace and tenderness which alone can bring the term into fair repute. Lucy smiled in a lit-tle derision.

Ab, youth and beauty, you are too piti-less! There are cares and sorrows for you as well, trials and thorny paths, and are you always brave, always wise

"I'm rearly frozen!"

Lucy curied herself in the corner like a kitten. She might have purred in content had the face opposite been a cheerful one, for after all she was not hard to please. Rachel sat uncompromisingly upright and

sewed stealily.
"I suppose they will not be here until clear support time?"
This was so decided a question that Rachel answered stiffly, without raising her eyes—
"You heard what father said."

Not minding, Lucy went on— "How old a man is Mr. Thorndike, Ra-I don't know-precisely," she added after a pause, for she was conscientiously truthful where her feelings or judgment were not warped.

"Well, guess," rather impatiently.
"Forty?"

"Forty?"

Forty?"
"I should think not so old."
"Thirty, then?"
"Somewhere between. I am not sure."

"You are very provoking, I am sure."
"What is Mr. Thorndike to us, particu

Oh, we might one of us want to marry him, in a dippart manner.
Rachel Garth turned pale when she was angry, and her infrequent blushes were a kind of swarthy tint, as if her blood could

not be fine and clear. "Lucy, you are growing too bold and for ward. Father would be shamed by your

ward. Father would immodesty."

Lucy's cheeks were bright enough.

"Call things by their right names, if you please, Miss Garth. A little girlish non-

'I wish you were not so frivolous. The time may come when your eyes will be clearer."

This with a sighing sniff.

Lucy was getting not only thawed, but baked. She rose suddenly and leaned her

citow on the mantel. Something caught her eye, and she paused, her scarlet lips slightly apart, and quivering with the unuttered

Her father was coming up the garden path with the guest. Mr. Garth turned to explain some matter, and Mr. Thorodike stood quite still, so she had a fair view of

A rather tall man, moderately stout, with a fresh complexion, full, dark heard, and dark hair, worn quite long, inclined to curl. Contrasting him with a few of the young Contrasting him with a few or the men it had been Lucy's privilege to meet at the "Dorcas," he appeared undeniably fine

looking.
"Oh! my goodness!" she exclaimed, in her gulish excitement; "there they come, and I'm not dressed!"

Rachel gave her a glance of stately re-proof, as much as to say—"Whose is the fault?"

fault?"
She flew up-stairs, and then, tumbling in the middle of the bed, burst into tears. It was only an ebullition of vanity. For the last eight years of her life her father and sister had striven with all their night to up-rest it. They had cropped her hair, made her wear the forlornest of old-fashioned garments, preached and punished; but, like a thistic root, here it was firmly imbedded in the soil.

'If I only had anything pretty to wear!"

hat a grace of vittle in their eyes. Why, is a severe grievance to her. She ked beauty, and awcetness, and grace, then she read of soft silks flowing about most leaves presently, and took in the grace of vittle in their eyes. Why, is the resulting form, the west nearly to take something out of her life, she worked the some was a severe grievance to her. She liked beauty, and sweetness, and grace. When she send of soft silks flowing about flowers in one's hair, and all that, her heart was filled with longing. And yet it was not off vanity. A rose or a bit of ribbon would have answered her.

down her two last winter's dresses. A green and brown plaid delaine that she hated, and a merine that had been dyed black. Besides,

a merine that had been dyed black. Besides, there was a shabby brown alpace, and a faded drab of the same material. This for a girl who might have forty or fifty thomsand in her own right! No wonder that she was a sarry! Rachel had two silk dresses, a black and a brown one. It was habe'ul and heathenish that she should go so shabby!

She bested a bit of edging at the neck and wrists of the maker diagy morino; but then the lace was real, and had been her mother's. And this when she so loved dainty bits of brightness and heauty! After that she wasted her face, and let down her hair that had been confined in a thick met. Rachel always bought them because they were better.

And then a temptation flashed into her heain. Sometimes, for pure pleasure, the

brain. Sometimes, for pure pleasure, the forlore child would curl ber hair in a mass of shining ringlets. It looked so lovely in its shimmering golden sheen, and almost seemed alive.

She twisted the silken, soft mass idly

herself in an oid shawl, and curied up into a little round ball on the bed, producing a surreptitious novel, and forgot her woes. Novels were a rare luxury with her-for Rachel's gess were sharp at discovery—and then she had very few friends who indulged in such questionable literature. This heroise was a very unwholesome and unnatural specimen of humanity; but the eyes of "There's not one word said anywhere restricted to the strength of the curies were a necessity. No amount of brushing or scapsude could sub-

against curls," she began, as if to fortify herself in her flagrant disobedience. "Aud God made it—if He made anything—"

She was beginning to doubt already; in-deed, she had never believed in anything but her dear, dead mother. Heaven help and pity her?

and pity her!

She put on her dress in a strange, defiant meet. Although she was chilly, and her small finger enus blue with cold, her checks were in a glow of carmine, and her eyes like deep wells, subtle, flashing, and dangerous. Lucy Garth went straight down stairs and opened the parior door. Her father was not there. Mr. Thorndike was seated in Rachel's vicinity talking quite carneatly, but he paused, and looked.

"Mr. victer." and Rachel, coldily. "Mr.

" said Rachel, coldly. " Mr.

Thorndise, Lucy."
He rose, bowed, and as a second thought took her band. It was such a soft, thy thing, and seemed to nestle like a trembling bird in his.

"How cold you are!"

"Am 12" in the most musical of tones.

"Am 1?" in the most musical of tones.
Oh! only the tips of my fingers. Do you now what I would do if I were rich, Mr.

'Have heaters, and all those levely things

for comfort,"

She sighed, shook her ringlets with a sort
of regal air, and moved toward the fire.

Something else she did with those unfathomable eyes of hers—'ured him across
the wide room. Neglected Rachel was noth-

It was her first taste of a dangerous power

It was her first taste of a dangerous power, an intexicating draught that so many women drain to the bitter dregs, and at last sit in the ruins of a heartbreak.

She came to her opportunity by a series of odd chances. Her father, displeased at her absence, had gone to seek her. Crossing the hall, he bethought himself of a charge to Hetty. They must have green tea for the guest. While he was in the kitchen, Lucy worst down. Not finding her in her room. went down. Not finding her in her room, he passed on to his, to put away some valu-able papers. The key to the small safe had he passed on a control of the small sale nau-been mislaid, and, after much searching, he found it in his pocket, so it was not possible to take any one clee to task. In the meanwhile Hetty had stuck her head in the parlor door, and summoned Miss Rachel. So Lucy and Mr. Thorndike had

Rachel, So Lucy and Mr. Thorndike had the room to themselves. He thought her wonderfully beautiful.

He thought her wonderfully beautiful. The shabby merino and real lace he never noticed, but the flashing hair, the beguiling eyes, the red and white of her bright young face was like a picture. He had seen many pretty women too, but there was an indescribable charm about this one.

Mr. Thoradike was a very commonplace was and ne here, though he appeared so to

Mr. Thorndike was a very commonplace man, and no hero, though he appeared so to Lucy's inexperienced eyes. There was not one noble or manly attribute in his whole soil. Still, the world found no fault with him though he did make close bargains. He was seven and-thirty, and looked neither old nor young. He had a certain prompt business air that seemed an initication of power to her—and then she rather liked the suggestion of mastery in his eyes.

Oh, youth, how ereduleus, how ready to venture the most precious freight on an unknown sea without pilot or heliasman! Is it any wonder that wrecks are strewn along the shore?

shore !

"So you wish you were rich?" he said. · W.

"Why your father has made a fortune,"
"Does it benefit me any? Do you sup-pose that I shall care for his hoarded-up thousands when he is dead and I am an old woman? Besides, my mother died young Is a marble tombstone the only glery of life in death !

She said this with the air of a tragedy ucen. Her face was so impassioned, so full f expression!

How strange you are " "Oh, you judged me from my sister, I

uppose,"
I cannot describe all that she put in this short sentence. Pity for him that he could see no more clearly—a sort of stinging dis-dain for Rachel, and a sad isolation for herfor Rache, and a san monation for her-f. She felt it all at the moment.
Oh, no; you are very, very different."
I wish I were like her," she began with

"I wish I were like her," she began with a sud'en fiery energy.
"Do you? I do not."

"As if it could ever make any difference to you. Mr. Thorndike, such people are always the happiest. They have no yearnings beyond their common-place life—up fond tastes to graifly, no ambitions. And they are always appreciated. Rachel is father's favorite; old Mr. Howe thinks her a saint; and the Doreas Society fall down and worship her."

"And you?"
"Oh, I'm an inveterate heathen! I have but a grace or vi tue in their eyes. Why, when I was a little girl, after my own dear mother died, Rachel and father cut my hair

was the injured party.

"Why don't they like it?" he asked, in a wondering manner, as if he could not understand any one's objection to beauty, since it could be had so cheaply.

"Oh, they all think it's wicked! If I curled it myself now, and spent hours over it.

it myself now, and spent hours over it, the case would be different. Are you very re-ligious, Mr. Thorndike?" There was enough in her face to tempt an

There was enough in her face to tempt an anchorite.

"Why—ne—not particularly. Of course I think it's a good thing; and my father, you know, was one of the elders. Yes, it's a good thing—" in a sort of heaitating way, as if he was balancing his soul between her good opinion and some old ideas that he was not quite ready to disavow.

"I like mammis. She used to teach me heautiful hymns—though I didn't go to church then. I hate those long proay sermons!" and her cyes fla-bed. "I keems to me that there's no love in it; and somehow I don't believe St. John could have loved the Saviour if He had been cold and cruel.

"No, of course;" in a vague way, for it "No, of course;" in a vague way, for it was like an unknown tongue to him. "But — what's the old adage—Love begets love—in't it? That's my sentiments."

He gave a rather coarse laugh. It jarred upon her soul—but she was quite too heedless to attend to the admonition.

"Are you going to stay?" she asked, after a pause, finding his stare somewhat uncomfortable.

"Stay?" He had a great babit of re-

comfortable,
"Stay?" He had a great habit of repeating the last word, as if he heard that
the most clearly, "I've a lot of business to peating the last work of the most clearly. "I've a lot of business to do with your father. You know my father's money was never all taken out of the mill. To-morrow night I've promised to see a cousin at Fairfield—yes, I suppose I shall

stay for some time."
"On Thursday there's to be a Dorcas meeting here," she said slowly. "I wish you could come." She felt impelled to attach him to herself

in some peculiar manner.

"Do you? By Jove! I'll come then. Excuse me," and he flushed rather awkwardly; cuse me," and he flushed rather awkwardly that is, the sentiment and grace of embar

rassment were not there.

She was immensely flattered. That any man should a sologize to her for so mild a type of profanity seemed wonderfully chi-"What do they do? Let me see-wasn'

Doreas a sort of good woman who was fol-lowed to the grave by the clothes she made Lucy laughed. It was such an arch, be-

guiling laugh, that it dien't burt him at all. Indeed it seemed as if her rosy lips had been nade for sunny smiles.

She was rather delighted to find him

going so easily astray in religious biography. Why, the Doreas women had every thing at their tongues' end, from Eve's pomological experiment to the brilliant and sinful attire of the Scarlet Lady.

"Yes.—I don't know but that it would be "Yes.—I don't know but that it would be a gratification to follow some of these to their graves. Oh, that's very wicked, isn't it? Well, they sew together garments for the Feejee Islanders, and pull their neighbors apart. I don't believe the first Dorcas did that. Then the gentlemen begin to come in, and we have supper. After that it's a little graver."

t's a little gaver it's a little gayer."
"Dancing and such, I suppose?"
"Dancing "with a comical horror. "Obroodness, no! That would be going straight
to destruction. But do you dance, Mr.
Thorndike? It seems to me that it would

the the leveliest thing in the word. Tra, la, tra la," she murmured in her soft, untrained votes, exquisitely musical, and inclining her head until the shining curls were like a shimmering react gold.

"You'd like it," he commented, strangely roused.

Like it! Why, it would be a passion with me, and carry away my whole soul?"

Every nerve in her impulsive and vehe ment nature seemed roused, her eyes were leep with some far light struggling to the

ps quivering with inward delight that was airdly anticipation.

The door opened and Rachel entered. She was shocked, my more, indignant. Half au hour ago it appeared to her that she had left these two people in the same place, and here they had laughed and taked, until au hour ago it appeared to her that she had left these two people in the same place, and here they had Lughed and talked, until now she dared to smile in his face, and he d not blame him, it was Lucy's her audacious boldness that took it approv womau, she did forwardness, he she had tried check at every turn. ever a sister had done her duty it was she. Rachel Garth

deeper feeling than mere imropriety with her. Five years before, when Warren Thorndike had come on to attend his father's funeral and look after the busiess, or the money, he had been in the habit f dropping in quite frequently of an evening. Lucy in those days ate her supper of bread and milk at five, and marched off to bed. If there was company at any meal, she took hers in the kitchen. She might have seen Mr. Thorndike, but he was as unfamiliar to ber as Adam. Rachel, however, had frequent opportunities. She sat and sewed parconwork or knifted stockings, now and then putting in a sage word. Her father considered her pulgment remarkable.

She though Wirren Thorndike a very man. If he had asked he been delighted to marr the would have been delighted to marry in. He went away without asking her,

childish fashion. He twined one silken of the strand around his finger, and a thrill seemed to quiver in every pales.

"It was barbarous? Cut b' off?"

"It was poor mamma's pride," and her fashe saddened.

He wanted very much to take her in his arms and comfort her—so far had be good already. And yet I don's know that he was at all in love, only he withered by the radiant vision.

The possessed a peculiar magnetic power for so many of her kind as easily from any foculit cause he brought en rapport with her. I do not say congenial spirits—for these two found, after awhile, that they had not the slightest feeling in common. It was rather people whom she could influence. Perhaps the dull earthworm feels the sunshine in a torpid way, though he may not rejoice, gladsomely, as the butterfly.

Something of this crept over Mr. Thorudike, and with it a consciousness that she was the injured party.

"I am sure I don't know," in a cool, insolent tone.

His ster was heard a wife twenty years younger than himself; and thee, too, she fancied that there was hardly a man living who could make such a superdous blunder as to marry Lincy. All her famits, her indelence and frivolity, her sempers, her impalience and frivolity, her senders, was in all the war lack of stendy

His step was heard at that moment. He ad been lost in a little business calculation, otherwise Lucy Garth would never have gone to supper with the triumphant glory of those curls. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBY 5, 1870.

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TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clu's may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Fremium steel Engraving) \$2.504 Fwo copies \$4.003 Four copies \$4.003 Four copies \$4.003 Four copies \$4.004 File the copies (and one gratis) \$12.60. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.004. Every person getting up a club will receive the Fremium Engraving in sol-tion.

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Always be sure to name your Fost-omes, councy, and State.

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# UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

In the present number we commence the new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet, which will run for about three months, is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE Post, although we can supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

We are so nearly out of the back numers for October, November and December. that we find it necessary in the case of new clubs, to send only one set to each club. And the members of new clubs will oblige us by handing the back papers around, so that all can read them.

We have still a large supply of all the numbers for January, and can therefore date back subscriptions to the first of the

Those who prefer it, however, can begin containing the opening of Miss Douglas's novelet.

# THE POST.

Mr. H. S. C., of Fontauelle, Iowa,

"I have been reading your paper for the past ear, and I am so attached to it that I am lost with-Mr. J. L., of Finleyville, Pennsylvania,

"Inclosed I send you nine dollars for our visitor or twenty-two years past-The Saturday Evening

Mrs. S. D. D., writes from Essex county,

"I send you the money to renew the subscription for Mrs. E., who has taken your paper for ten or fitteen years. She thinks, as I do myself, we can-not afford to do without the dear old Post."

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEREDITARY GENIUS: an inquiry into its Laws and Consequences. By FRANCIS GAL-TON, F. R. S., etc. Published by D. Apple-Ton, F. R. S., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashueai, Philada. This is an exceedingly interesting and valuable book.

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Audished by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. A magazine that is always welcome.

WHY DID HE MARRY HER? By Miss ELIZA A. DUPUY. Autnor of "The Planter's Daughter," "The Bride of Fate," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philatece Femina: An Attempt to Solve the Womey Ogestion. By Carlos Whyry. Womes Question. By CARLOS WHITE. Published by the author, Hanover, N. H.,

and by Lee & Shepard, Boston.
THE OLD GUARD: A Monthly Magazine evoted to Literature, Science and Art, and the Political Principles of 1776 and 1 Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New LITTELL'S LIVING ASE. Published by ittell & Gay, Boston, Mass.
HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHET. Published

HOWE S AND STATE OF THE STATE O

THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Journal of

THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Journal of Physical Culture. February, 1870. Published by Wood & Helbrook, New York.

BERCHER'S MAGAZINE, for the Manhood of America. Published by a J. A. Beecher, Trenton, New Jersey.

THE MAJOR AND KNAPP ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. Literature, Fine Arts, Science, Published by the Major & Knapp Engraving, Manufacturing and Lithographic Co., New York. This new Mouthly is one of the most beautiful specimens of topography and illustration that we have seen. tration that we have seen.

PAVID COPPERFIELD, BY CHAS, DICKENS, Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila, PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.
EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE; Or The Helicess of Glenmore. By Mrs. Caroline LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creele," "The Banished Son," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.
THE NEW YORK TEACHER AND AMERICAN EDICATIONAL MONTHLY, February.

CAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, February, 1870 Published by J. W. Shermerhorn &

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The January number of this interesting monthly has been received from the American pub-lishers, the Leonard Scott Company, New York. It contains an article entitled "Lord Byron and his Calumniators."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for February, contains the second portion of Bayard Tay-lor's new story, and the usual excellent va-riety of miscellaneous articles. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

Probably to the future historian the year 1869 will be memorable solely as the date of the opening of the Suez Canal. The com-pletion of the French Atlantic Cable, the pletion of the French Atlantic Cable, the opening of great public works in the City of Londen, Russian advances in the east, and other events, more or less important, which compose the staple of our year's account—all shrink into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the great work for universal weal, the splendid monument of genius, which M. de Lesseps has raised, to the immortal honor of himself, and, through him, to the clary of his native country. If into the glory of his native country. If, in-deed, we consider the gigantic dimensions of the undertaking, the obstacles removed, the difficulties overcome—in a word, the wonderful results accomplished by the ingenuity and perseverance of a single human intellect, we shall be ready to own that the union of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, just effected by means of a deep cutting through rocks and swamps and sandy plains, is worthy to be reckoned among the grand exceptional achievements of ancient and exceptional achievements of ancient and modern days. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the eyes of the world should be now, as one, all centered upon the mysterious country of the Pyramids, and that princes and sages should hasten to the east, and brighten Alexandria with a momentary flash of magnificence, remindful somewhat of a time, two thousand years ago, when she was the acknowledged queen of fashion and learning. learning.
Six or seven centuries before the Christian

era, a small canal was constructed across the lathmus of Suez, and after enduring many vicusitudes of fortune—being at one time choked up in some parts with sand, and at another cleared and made navigable, through the exertions of a ruler possessing more than the ordinary amount of energy in the degenerate days of his country's de-cline—11 was completely restored by the Roman Emperor, Adrian, and continued to be much used by the European and Asiatic traders, as the link connecting the great commercial highways of the world. The conquests by the followers of Mahomet conquests by the followers of Manomets stilled the spirit of energy and of commercial activity in the east, and as Egypt and the neighboring nations were soon subdued by the Mussulmans, the canal was at first neglected and at length wilfully destroyed. It was not used after about the seventh cen-tury of the Christian dispensation; and, ex-posed to the clouds of desert sand, it soon became so effectually choked up that its very course is a matter of conjecture at the pre-ent day. In molern times many great men have conceived the idea of channelling the isthmus. The great Napoleon, it is said, particularly desired to accomplish it. Some of the greatest engineers of the day, both English and foreign, bave given the subject their best attention, and were pretty impracticability of effectually constructing a sea channel, dividing the continent of Africa from that of Asia. It is well known that George Stephenson—the greatest engineer of our times—maintained the impossibility of ever perfecting a durable and navigable Suez Canal, and the opinion of our great countryman has been shared by a maority of Englishmen, some of whom been confidently anticipating, even been confidently anticipating, even up to the present time, that an unexpected ca-lamity would arise and entail failure upon the undertaking. Nothing of the kind has occurred. Merobantmen and men-of-war have already sailed in good numbers from the Mediterranean to the Red Sca, and M. de Lesseps, in spite of all opposition, has successfully accomplished the great aim of his life—the project which he pursued year after year with increasing intensity—and has completed the work which Napoleon longed to commence in vain, and which Stephenson shrank from as being too arduous and difficult. The modern canal commences at the Pelusiac mouth, that is, the casternwost mouth of the Delta of the Nile, and joins the Red Sea at the town of Suez, situated at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Suez It is situated some few miles Gulf of Suez It is situated some few miles to the cast of the site of the old canal, and near the Gulf of Suez it is carried through the Bitter Laker, a long expanse of water, varying from five to seven miles in breadth, which, it is supposed, were at one time a portion of the Gulf of Suez, and to have been the site of the miracle of the dividing of the waters and the destruction of the Egyptian hosts when the Israelites menced their wanderings in the wilder Passing from the Mediterranean, it flows through some fertile plains and valleys, parts of the ancient district of Goshen-the Egyptian home of Israel-but the greater portion of the course lies through sandy deserts or drear and rocky wastes

After a rec nt New York ball, an attendant found a \$20,000 diamond cross on the floor.

## Woman in Athens.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF AN AMERICAN COL-

It was not long after the talents and the fascinations of Aspasia had introduced into Athenian society a greater freedom of intercourse between cultivated men and women that the question as to "woman's rights" in Athens became a topic of earnest discussion, not only among the wits of that sprightly capital, but also among the gravest of its political philosophers. We shall briefly refer to traces of this interesting fact, as we are still able to discern them in the writings contemporaneous with this period.

still able to discern them in the writings contemporaneous with this period.

We may say, then, that at least three of the plays of Aristophanes take their "form and pressure" from the outlines of this political discussion, while one of them, the Ecclasianousse, or "Women in Town Meeting Assembled," turns entirely upon the question of "woman's-rights" for its plot, its denouement, and its moral. A brief summary of the play will set this fact in the clearest light.

clearest light.

It was not until after the Peloponnesian It was not until after the Peloponnesian war had weakened the resources and reduced the prestige of Atheus, that the preceding discussions with regard to woman's "sphere" in the State would seem to have reached their height. Atheus, though displaced from the proud predominance she had once held among her sister States, was still "the eye of Greece." Plato still taught in the Academy, and Aristophanes still reflected the "very age and body of the time" from his comic mask. Schemes of socialism and of communism (the spawn of speculative from his comic mask. Schemes of socialism and of communism (the spawn of speculative political philosophers) were as rife in Athena more than two thousand years ago as they ever were in Paris during the palmiest days of Fourier and Father Cahet. And among the expedients for regenerating political society in Athens, we may be sure that "fearing and father than the palmiest for regenerating political society in Athens, we may be sure that "fearing as not forwatten. It would male ruffrage" was not forvotten. It would indeed be difficult to conceive how any com-munity could attain to the conception that every man had a natural right to vote, and rest in this conclusion as an ultimate then rest in this conclusion as an ultimate political fact, without at least inquiring into the validity of the grounds on which woman was at the same time excluded from that franchise. Certain it is that the mule and female politicians of Athens did not forbear to moot this question, and Aristophanes, who was ever ready to catch the living manners as they rose, has left us a graphic sketch of the political Bloomers who in his day were so clamorous for their "rights."

His Ecclericzons, or "Women in Town

day were so chamorous for their "rights."

His Ecclesiazousæs, or "Women in Town
Meeting Assembled," represents a conspiracy
on the part of all the women in Athens to
seize the Acropolis, and to turn the tables on the pare of all the women in Audienses seize the Acropolis, and to turn the tables on the men by reducing them under a petticoat government founded on Communism and "Free Love." The leader in this movement, according to the merry plot of the facetious dramatist, is one Praxagora, a fusey female politician, whose husband's house was situated so near the Pnyx that she had been able to overhear the tunultuous political debates held at that place on election-days in Athens; and, with her knowledge of politics, had come a strong desire on her part to be the prime mover in the emancipation of her sisters from the civil bondage in which they groaned. It is known that the meetings of the Assembly in Athena were held early in the morning. Accordingly, Praxagora instructs the women who participate in this movement for their "rights," to steal their husband's gamments before they awake in the morning, and, inbefore they awake in the morning, and, in-dued in these, to repair to the Puyx, armed dued in these, to repair to the Puyx, armed besides with their husband's canes, and bringing with them false beards, to be slipped on at the Assembly, that they might pass for men in case any of the latter should be present so early in the twilight dawn of the day.

he day. In order to teach the less advanced of her interes the set of public speaking, and to practise them in the useful bublic swearing like men, she holds a preliminary cancus, and, all measures being thus duly concerted, they proceed to effect their contemplated coup d'etat. The conspiracy succeeds. Their coup d'etat. The conspiracy succeeds. Thei masculine costumes, their mannish oaths and, above all, the insinuating oratory o and, above at, the instituting oratory of the strong-minded Praxagora, so impose on the few men present at the Assembly that they never suspect the real sex of the great majority, and the revolutionary decree de-claring woman's rights, with community of nock, and with free love for the especial mefit of ugly women, is hurried to its final issage. Merning breaks in Athens on secpassage. men "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled," and on men without any rights which a woman is bound to respect, and, alas! in the case of most, without trousers.

at their homes, and the few who venture out of doors in their wives' clothes find themselves too late to save the State from revolution. Blepyrus, the husband of Praxagora, is first seen emerging in a pair of wo-man's shoes and in a short yellow petticoat. He soon meets other companions in misfortune-men, like himself, dispossessed at once of their rights and their doublets. After a short colloquy, they perceive that all resistance is useless, and they "necept the situation" with as much grace as they can well summon to the occasion. There is something touching in the conquered pride with which Blepyrus submits to his fate, as he asks his strong-minded wife, the conquering heroine of the new movement, to go before him, and let him follow behind her, that he may be gazed at and that recoile may ask the may be gazed at, and that people may say of him: "Don't you admire this husband of our general?" In the meantime, Praxagora our general?" In the meantime, Praxagora succeeds to the control of the government, and lays down her platform, which is sufficiently liberal and comprehensive. It embraces the following provisions: all men and women are to have all things in common; equal distribution of lands and other property; no distinctions on the ground of sex, but precedence is marriago rights to be given to old and ngly women; community of children; no more courts: no more lawgiven to old and ugly women; community of children; no more courts; no more lawsuits, because no more debts (all things being in common) and no more crimes (because
men and women are one in interest); the
halls of justice to be turned into catingsaleons for the people, and free banquets
for all, supplied at the public expense. It
will be seen that no scheme of modern
French socialism was ever more thorough
than that of Praxagora, just two thousand than that of Praxagora, just two thousand two hundred and sxxy-three years ago; for it was in the year 394 B.C., or thereabouts, that the play of Aristophanes was brought was in the year 394 B. C., or thereabouts, hat the play of Aristophanes was brought pon the stage in Athens, for the purpose I holding up the female politicians of the me to public ridicule.

The wits of the day had of course their upon the stage in Athens, for the purpose of holding up the female politicians of the

laugh at the expense of the strong-minded women, but "woman's rights" were not thus to be laughed down in Athens. Ten years later, Plato returned to the defence of the lest cause in his ideal "Republic," and to this day the most logical and thorough going system of "woman's rights" may be found in that ma-terly treatise of the great speculative philosopher of antiquity. To the impertinent suggestion eo commonly made even in our day by recalcitrant husbands when they urge that "woman's sphere is the home," and that it is her first duty to stay at home and take care of the children, Plato has a ready answer. "Do we not observe," says he, "that the females among dogs are just as good as the males for the purpose of watching a flock; and why should not women be just as good as men for the purpose of guarding the state?" "There is," he adds, "no art nor part in the arrangement of a state as to which the nature of man has any advantage over that of woman." Hence women, equally with men, should be trained for the function of laugh at the expense of the strong-minded of woman." Hence women, equally with men, should be trained for the function of men, should be trained for the function of magnetracy, and should learn not only intellectual accomplishments, but also gymnastics, fencing, boxing, riding on horseback, and such like exercises. To the objection that these exercises. To the objection that these exercises require those who practice them to wear, even in public, no clothing at all. Plato replies that this is a difficulty which would be soon gotton over by a little experience. Community of wives forms a part also of Plato's model Republic. There was to be in each city but one nursery for all the children born in the city, and only such as should be approved by a Board of Examiners were to be admitted. The rest who did not show sufficient signs of a good physical constitution were to be put out of the way; and herein doubtless we find the origin of Monsicur Raspail's modern suggestion that the supernumerary children born in a Fourierita physicares.

we had the origin of Monsieur Raspail's modern suggestion that the supernumerary children born in a Fourierite phalanstery should be "eased out of life by receiving at their very birth a painless extinction." (His other suggestion, to the effect that the bodies of the innocents thus offered up to the memory of "Malthus on Population" might be entembed in ornamental deservamight be entombed in ornamental flowerots, and used to line the corridors of the balanstery, is cutirely original with him-elf, but in all other respects he is preceded

And yes, notwithstanding the arguments
ade by Plato in defence of "woman's
ghts," be failed to convince his countryrights," be failed to convince his country-men. The people of Greece preferred rather to take sides with Aristotle on this question. Though the pupil of Plato, the Singyrite, it is known, combated the doc-trines of his teacher under this head. In his "Polity" he discriminates between these "characteristics of the two sexes which re-spectively fit them for their different careers in life—toe nature of each being foreor-dained with an eye to the union of both for their mutual happiness—the one stronger, for protection and defence; the other weaker, for watch(ulness; the one made for life out of doors; the other, for quiet, domestic occupations; the one to support the rising family; the other to nurture and edu-cate it. "And all this, notwithstanding that, in his History of Animals. Aristotle admits here are some men who have the qualities there are some men who have the quanties of women, and some women who have the loud voice of men, and can vie with them in physical strength, just as he suggestively adds, "there are some hens that take it upon themselves to crow, and even get the better of it in a fight with the co.ks."

It will thus be seen that the phases through which the "woman question" is now passing in America, do not so exclubelong to the modern progress as many seem to suppose. Nor is the question a new one even in our own country, as we might be able to show if the subject were deemed of sufficient interest to justify an deemed of sufficient interest to justify an inquiry into the aspect it assumed at the period of our Revolution, when the strong-minded sister of Richard Henry Leo bronched the whole theory of "woman's rights" in Virginia, and when those rights (at least for widows and spinsters who paid taxes on real entite) were recognized by one state in our Union.—Hearth and

# Interesting Reminicences.

The following reminiscences of Mrs. Madison and Mrs. John Quiucy Adams, wives of two of the earlier Presidents of the Republic. are not without interest at the present

At dinner, Mrs. Madison always took the head of the table, Mr. Madison the middle, and one of his secretaries the bottom. Her memory was so good that she never forgot a name, and would address each of her guests, though just introduced with twenty others, as if she had known them for years. She The preliminary raid of the female conspirators on their husbands' wardrobes was a magnificant-looking woman in the indeed a master-stroke of policy. By it the great mass of the male voters were detained the property of the male voters were detained to the state of When she found a timid young girl she would attend to her most assiduously, conduct her to the piane, and remain with her till she became more at ease. At one of her recep-tions, a tall, daugling youth, fresh from the backwoods, made his appearance, and took his stand against a partition wall. He stood in that position like a fixture for half an hour, and finally ventured to take a cup of coffee, which it was then the custom to hand around. Mrs. Madison's keen eye had no-ticed his embarrassment, and she wished to relieve it. She walked up and addressed him. The poor youth, astounded, dropped the saucer on the floor, and unconsciously thrust the cup into his breeches pocket. "The crowd is so great," remarked the gentle lady, "that no one can avoid being jostled. The servant will bring you another cup of coffee. Pray, how did you leave your excellent mother? I had once the honor of knowing her, but I have not seen her for some years." Thus she continued, her for some years. Thus she continued, till the poor youth felt as if he were in the company of an old acquaintance. He took care, secretly and soon, to dislodge the protuberance in his pocket.

Of the wife of John Quincy Adams, we

> torned to call her "Madame," and their father "The President," The utmost defer-ence was systematically paid to both parents In person she was petite, with lively manners, very fluent and brilliast in conversation. After an illness of almost two years,

learn: Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson, who became the wife of John Quincy Adams, was born, educated, and married in London.

She was the daughter of Joshua Johnson.

In advanced age, her children were accustomed to call her "Madame," and their father "The President." The utmost defer

Mr. Stanton as a Minister of War.

That Mr. Stanton was an Minister of WarThat Mr. Stanton was an active, scalous, and successful war minister no one will deny. On one memorable occasion his firmness award the Western army from destruction. It was after the battle of Chickamauga, when the army of Rosecrans was in great peell. A Cabinet meeting was called at midnight. The President, Seward, Chaec, Stanton, and Hallson, ware agreement. Halleck were present. Stanton vehemontly urged the immediate reinforcement of Roscians by troops from Meade's army. The President and General Halleck were not inclined to weaken Meade in order to strengthen Rosserana. Seward and Chase were with Stanton. The latter asked Hal-leck how many men could be sent to Ross-

leck how many men cours
crans in ten days.
"Thirty thousand, if all other transportation is st-pped," was the snawer.
"In five days?" asked Stanton.
"Thirteen thousand."
"They must go: Meade can spare them—
he must spare them. The Western army
he must be saved."

next day thirteen thousand men from The next day thirteen knows in the received Meade's army were sent West under General Hooker. Rosecrans was relieved. This is the way Stanton saved the army of the West,—Lippincot's Magazine.

A stumbug.

How often we hear this expression from persons reading advertisements of patent medicines, and in time cases out of ten they may be right. It is over 22 years since I introduced Dr. Tobas' Fendedon Liniment to the public. I had no money to advertise it, so I left if for alle with a few drugstess and store-keepers through a small section of the construction and the second on my pamphic, no one need pay for it. In some stores two or three bottles were taken on trial by persons present, I was, by many, thought crass, and on my pamphict, no one need pay for it. In some stores two or three bottles were taken on trial by persons present. I was, by many thought crass, on that would be the last they would see of me. But I knew my medicine was no humbig. In about two months I begas to receive orders for more Lainment, come calling it my valuable Liniment, who had re faced to sign a receipt when I left it at their store. Now my sales are millions of bottles vearly, and all for cash, I warrant it superior to any other medicine or the erre of crong, clarrhos, dysentery, colic, vomiting, spasms, and sea-sickness, as an internal remedy. It is perfectly innocen to take internally—see oath accompanying cach bottle—and externally—see oath accompanying cach bottle—and externally—see for the mint; she minter to take internally—see fact, see.

Price 50 cents. Sold by the druggists. Penot, 10 Jeak Place, New York.

STATE DEBTS. - Virginia has the largest \$45,000,000. New York comes next, with nearly \$40,000,000. Pennsylvania owes \$55,000,000; Tennossee, \$54,000,000; Louisians, \$12,000,000; Massachusetts, \$13,000,000; North Carolina, \$11,000,000; Ohio, \$10,000,000; Connecticut, \$8,000,000; Massouri, \$17,000,000; United. 000.000; Connecticut, \$8,000.000; M'asouri, \$17,000,000; Hilinois, South Carolina and Georgia, each \$6,000,000; Texas, Michigau, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Kentucky, each \$3,000,000; Maive, \$5,000,000; New Jersey, \$2,000,000; Kanass, \$1,000 0.0; Lows, Maryland and Delaware are out of debt; Minnesota, Oregon and Mississippi are blessed with very small debts. Total of all the states about \$250,000,000.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY NOAP contains a large per centage of VRGK-TABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castle Sons, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleakesing properties of the colerated French and German Isundry sons. CRAMPTON BROS., %. 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rusgers-place, and 23 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York.

An English olergyman in Lancashire was As Anglase dergyman in Lancashire was lately endeavoring to prove that doers of good were always in the minority, and, by parity of reasoning, that the Conservative party, belog in the minority, were right. To illustrate, he said: "Paul was in a mi-To illustrate, he said: "Paul was in a minority, but who was right? Peter was in a minority, but who was right? Christ was in a minority, but who was right?" But the reverend orator was literally "sat upon" when some one in the gallery shouted:—"Judas Iscariot was in a minority, but who was right?" The effect was laughable. The lecturer was struck dumb, for some minutes. lecturer was struck dumb, for some minutes could not utter a word, and the audience roared. [We do not see where the laugh comes in. Judas was not in a minority of the people, but in a very large majority, who cried "crucity him! crucity him!"-Ed.

Neglected Coughs and Colds.-Few are ware of the importance of checking a cough or "common coid," in its first stage; that which in the beganning would yield to a mid remedy, it meglected, soon proys upon the image, "Brown's Bronchial Troches", or Cough Locanges, afford instant reliat. Owing to the good reputation and popularity of he Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are affered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to open the true "Brown's Bronchial Troches," old everywhere.

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES -- AC a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, on the 21st of December last, Professor E. D. Cope exhibited specimens of fossil bones which he described as belonging to two new species of Hedro-saurus, one being about twice as large as the Hadrosaurus Foulkii, of which a skeleton is now in the museum of the Academy, This lizard in life must have stood twenty six feet high. The same learned gentleman read a letter from a correspondent in Brazil, stating that he had discovered there a species of monkey of the marmoset type, no larger than a mouse. - Lippincott's Mag-

# Tetter, Tetter, Itch Itch, Scratch, Scratch.

"Swayne's All-Hedley Dintment," after an experience of many years, has proved to be a sovereign remody for all skin diseases, Totter, Salt theom, Army Hen, Seald Head, Erystelea, Blotches, Barbers' Irch, Ringworm, Robinz Piles, &c. No case so obtinate or long standing it will not cure. Cares lich in from 12 to is hours. Ask for "Swayne's Ointment," the no other. Sold by all druggists. Price 30 cents, Soch by mall, postag paid, for 60 cents. Address Dn. Swayne's Associated North St., Philadelphia.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the emi-nent American planist and composer, died on the 18th of December, at Tipos, near Rio Janeiro, after an illness of three weeks. He was born in New Orleans in 1829.

Psychomoney, Fascination, or Soul-marm-400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fessionte either eex, or any animal at will. Mesmerten, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experi-

An Indiana man offered \$75 for the privilege of acting as hangman at a recent execution. He owed the man a grudge, and wanted to take this la-t opportunity of drop-ping the unpleasant subject.

Important Notice. All Noldiers and Sail-

A Wonderful Prize Essay.

mary-llous cares, and restore the dying to life, and his tortures, in from one to teersity minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Dector Hadway has published their formula (withholding only two newsy discovered roots,) will bork French, German, English and American chemists and pharmacounists wiferly full with the same ingredients as prepared by them. The great sources, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BEVERLY, Mass., July 18, 1800. Bavantr, Mass, July 18, 1803. Dr. Radwat: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bosels. All the decrets asia "shere was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for Turcher Vears. I took of bottless of the Resolvent and boy of Radwar's of the Resolvent and boy of Radwar's six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your Ready Relief and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feet better, amarter, and happier than I have for 12 years. The werst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. HARRAH P. KRAPP.

Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes gave ease and comfort to a bed-ridden sufferer, who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicisms, receiving no benefit Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!" During four weeks I had been suffering most se rerely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to snything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my otten-tion happened to be called to RADWAYS READY RELIEF. I ordered framediately some to be fetch-ed, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this lorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that per, sons suffering in a similar manner may avail them-selves of that shultrable remedy. Dortmund, in Westphalta, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869. (Signed,) HEINER LIBER Of Germania, near Martin-Witness; Helner Numberger, in Dortmund.

Witness: Heiner Numberger, in Dortmand.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one-hundredth part of the curative virtues for their re-medica as is ascribed to them, by the people who have used them; for bear in mind, only such discuss and complaints that Dr. Hadway, after successful treatment with their remedies know they would cure, were enu merated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awaken-ed as sauch astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

nary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c. should possess such marvellous power. can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter-certainly the most abundant far, catoric or heat-making—bone, tissue, musele, since and blood-making constituents for the human body. But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became

their most carnest advocates. Consumption, Scrofuls, White Swelling, Tumors in the Would, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of

medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

# OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Nover has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tamors either of the womb, uteri, ova-ries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole refisace in the hands of experienced surgoous; but Ifr. Radway's Warsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cycle and Tumore, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropaical Effusion, Ascites, and Cal-

ritualism, and hundreds of other currous expenses. In cas he obtained by sending address, with hottle, or \$2 for half dozen; Ready Heller Succession of the country postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Pilla 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Pilla 25 cents. Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden paul-4f Dr. Hadway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is \$1 per Lane, New York city.

A REFUGE IN TROUBLE .-- A negro and iropir plied, "Good Lord ! dis niggar can't go noors who have lost an drm or leg in the service—or since on secount of wounds or injuries—with find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency. No. 128 South Seventh st., Finisdelphia Bonare S. Lasors & Co., How Bern Serve Thieres

Prize essays are so common that they excite little interest now a-days. Particularly is this true of medical prize essays, but one has recently been written which deserves mention, at least. It seems that, some time ago, the Massachusetts Medical Society offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on veutilating sick-rooms at the least expense, with the least difficulty, and at the moment needed. Whereupon, some-body written as follows:—"Pull down the apper window such, and lease the frequence open." This is all there is of it. We query whether there has ever been a medical ensay written which was more pointed and practicable. If this paper does not win the fifty dollars, we propose to raise that sum from private sources, and pay it over to the author. Sometimes it does a great deal of good to tell people, in plain English, what they already know so thoroughly that they bardly know it at all.—Heraid of Health.

The Homanice of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through Dr. Radescy's Sarratparillian Resolecut, fleedy Bellef and Perfect Purgaive Pitis in written the most extraordinary cures, that meither here is a large moth commonly known as the death's-head moth, from its baving a warions mark on its bark like a shull and cross-homes sculptured on an old tombetions, which makes very free with the bee's hone; homes are at rest, and enter of the lies in the dash's-head moth, from its baving a warions mark on its bark like a shull and cross-homes sculptured on an old tombetions, which makes very free with the bees are at rest, and enter of the lies of the weak difficulty, and the evening when the hive, pakes the leng sucher through the death's-head elights and mich the serventing when the hive, bees are at rest, and enter the hole in the dawk of the evening which makes are at rest, and enter the hole in the dawk of the evening when the hive, the hees are at rest, and enter the hole in the live, pakes the leng sucher through the death's-head elights

### Irritable Invalida

Indigestion not only effects the physical health but he dispositions and tempers of its victims. The dyspeptic becomes, too, in a measure demoralized by his sufferings. He is subject to fits of irritation, antienness, or despair, as the case may be. A pre-ternatural sensitiveness which he cannot control, leads him to misconstrue the words and arts of those and the season to the season the s or the principal sufferer from a state not far removed from incipient insamily, that there symptoms of mental disturbance be prompily removed. This can only be done by removing their physical cause, a demangement of the functions of the stomach, and its allied viscera, the liver and the bowels. Upon these three Important organs HOMENTERTERY STOMACH. BITTERS act simulaneously, producing a therough BITTERS act simulaneously, producing a therough and salutary change in their condition. The vege-table ingredients of which the preparation is com-posed are of a renovating, regulating and siterative character and the atimulant which lends activity to their remedial virtues is the purest and best that car be extracted from the most wholesoms of all esreals, viz.; sound gie. No dispoptic can take this genial restorative for a single week without experiencing a notable improvement in his general health. Not only will his bodily sufferings absis from day to day, but his mind will recover rapidly from his restines-ness and irritability, and this happy change will manifest itself in his demeaner to all around hi

Tem General Robert E. Lee says he be-lieves that regular and constant labor in Virginia can be secured only by the intro-duction of a respectable class of laborers from Europe, saying that, although a tem-porary benefit might be derived from im-portation of Chinese and Japanese, he fears it would result in eventual injury to the country and her institutions.

Optailine. ... It has been found upon trial that nothing adds so much to the beauty, as a beautiful sed seeth. The use of the Oppains never sais to whiten the teeth, giving them that lustre so like the oppal itself—that brightness which every lover of beauty so much admirts.

Minnesota has had a snow storm, the snow falling to the depth of twenty inches, and the thermometer falling to 30 degrees

sores and ulcurs arising from youth's indiscretion; such suffers will do well to try this great cleaner; disease cannot live when it is need. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

# MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accomputated by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride's father, "Park Avence," Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Thorsday, Jan. 30, 1870, by the Rev. F. Tinsley, Mr. Giner M. Lewette, of Indianapolis, Ind., to Miss Emus Jane Lawette, daughter of C. W. Jasec. On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. Hassan Ferr, of Allegheny City, to Miss Massin Sonnassis, of the city.

On the 2d of Jan., 1870, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. John W. Dewne to Elizabeth Welson, Vo. D. M. Mr. John W. Dewne to Elizabeth Welson, body of this city.

On the 4d of Jan., by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, D. D., Mr. Giosson W. Bownan to Miss immirtal C. Shity, both of this city.

On the 18th of Jan., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. Chaplain, D. D., Mr. Giosson W. Bownan to Miss immirtal C. Shity, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. William Catheart, fr. Joun C. Lawre to Miss Many E. Ruyyan, both

of this city.
On the 18th of Jan., by the Rev. W. C. Robinsor,
Mr. Spergare L. Sweicher to Miss Sames E. Ham-mond, of Chester county Fx.

# DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-

On the 25th of Jan., Many Axx, relict of the late. uniet B. Cooper, in ner tech year.
On the 25th of Jan., Award L., daughter of Henry ad Ann Anderson, in her 25th year.
On the 2th of Jan., Awarda Jacoby, in her 83d

On the 25th of Jan., Capt. John T. hantly, in his the 20th of Jan., Ass, wife of Matthew Miller, On the zed of Jun., William J. Hamilton, aged 35

years, on the 2rd of Jan., Mr. Jesgru C. Hill, to his 4th year.
On the 2rd of Jan., Gronos W. Haman, in his

On the 21st of Jan., Mrs. Manganer Andenson, in her 13d year. her hidyens.
At the family residence on Park Avenue, Walnut
itie, Chneitnant, on Friday moraling, Nov. 18, 1888,
12-, VANNELIA JAMES, wife of C. W. James, in her

Mrs. VANNELIA Janes, wife of C. W. James, in her God year.

Mrs. VANNELIA Janes, wife of C. W. James, in her God year.

Mrs. James had recided of Wainut Hills for twenty years, was extensively and favorably known; had raised a large lamily, to whom she was devotedly attached; and thus, in turn, bore to her all the affection that could flow from devoted hearts. Her Christian character was conspicuously developed. She was always of a cheering, religious disposition; and with her husband and many of her children, communication of the Church. Fee were more regular in their attendance on the means of grace. She was also blessed to her, and carried her through long trials of suffering. Her thorsel cook place from the Church of the Church as read by the Rev. Mr. Gray assisted by the Rev. Mr. Elwell, and the body conveyed to Spring toware Cruercey, followed by a large procession of mounting friends, there to awalt the resurrection at the last day.

# THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Noveleta already engaged for the present year: --

## Ender a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," " The Debarry Fortune," de, de

## Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of " Dora Castell," &c.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

## A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

## Who Told !

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of Between Two," " A Family Failing," &c.

Beeides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hos mer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

# The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL AR-TICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RID-DLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"-is 18 by 24 inches-and will probably be the most attractive en-graving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings-"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"-will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, paying in adsance, and also to every person sending on a club, Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parior or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their

See TERMs under editorial head, Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

# The Man with the Iron Mask.

[SEE BROBATING ON PIRST PAGE.]

The man with the iron mask ! Yes, there was such a man, who endured not for a month or so, not for a few years only, but for forty-two years, a close imprisonment, during the whole of which time he wore, during the whole of which time he wore, without once removing it, an iron mask that effectually disguised his identity. The closest scrutiny has been baffled, the most diligent search foiled, in the attempt to fathout the most singular historical mystery that has ever presented itself.

Cardinal Mazarin, who had followed out Richelieu's policy, though by different means, died in 1661. Several months after his death there was sent to the Isle Sainte Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Pro-

there was sent to show in the Mediterranean, off the coast of truvence, an unknown prisoner. This prisoner was young, in stature above the average height, and of a handsome, noble figure. On the journey he wore a mask of iron, the lower part of which was furnished with steel springs that allowed of his rating without ever taking off his mask. The orders to his guard were to kill him if he made known who he was. He remained at the island for who he was. He remained at the island for who he was a close prisoner, and the staying in his house (as Mrs. Garston good-night, Thomas Kage proceeded to his home, hungry enough; for he had not yet dined, and it was later than usual. He had for some time thought that the staying in his house (as Mrs. Garston good-night, Thomas Kage proceeded to his house (as Mrs. Garston good his house).

Though secluded so carefully, and guarded so specially, it was clear to all who came in contact with him that he was a person of very great importance. His rooms were handsomely furnished, he was served with the greatest respect possible, the governor the castle himself waited upon him at meals, and never sat down without permission in his presence. His taste for elegant fur-nishings to his table, for fine linen and lace, manings to his table, to the timest, and every fa-cility was given him to make his rigorous confinement as light as possible. He amused himself frequently with a guiter. To give some idea of the importance of the prisoner, it may be said that the Marquis of Louvois, Louis the Fourteenth's prime minister. Louis the Fourteenth's prime minister, waited upon him before his removal from the Isle Sainte Marguerite to the Bastile, and at all the interviews he had with him once sat down

Shortly after he was brought to the isle he scratched some words with a knife on a ailver plate, and flung the plate out of his p ison window to a spot where he saw a fisherman's boat moored to the bank near the foot of his prison tower. The fisherman ched some words with a knife took up the plate and carried it to the governor of the castle. The governor, greatly actonished and much concerned, in-quired if the man had read the writing, and whether any one but himself had seen it. The fisherman declared he could not read, and that no one else had seen the plate, which he had only just found. It was not until the governor had satisfied himself beyond a doubt that these were facts, that he go, saying, as he released him, if for you that you do not know

A doctor who attended the man with the

AGO SE

upon him, he had never seen his face, but his tongue and all the rest of his body he had seen, and that he was admirably formed. Never did this man complain of his condition; never did he let fail a word by which it might be known who he was.

M. de Chamillart, Minister of State, was the last minister who possessed a knowledge of this mystery. When he was dying, his son-in-law, the Marechal de la Feuillade, begred him on his knees to tell him who "the Man" was. The dying minister refused, saying it was a state secret, which he had sworn never to reveal.

In 1703 "the Man in the iron mask" died, having spent forty-two years of his life in

lan 1703 "the Man in the iron mask" died, having spent forty-two years of his life in prison. He was buried at night, still disguised in his mask, and there was no one to say who or what he had been. At the time of his first imprisonment there was not missed from Europe any one of note, such as "the Man" would reem to have been, nor has any clue been found, either directly or indirectly, to the history of this remarkable being. Suggrations there have been in plenty, but all wide of the mark. The accret of Masarin's—if Masarin's it was—has hitherto been shrouded in an impenetrable veil, which all the ingenuity of historians and biographers has been unable to lift. Who shall solve the mystery? A century and a half have rolled away since the great liberator, Death, freed the captive from his prison, and no voice has been found to declare either his name or his generation. Should time eventually reveal them, it must still remain a wonder of the world that ever there should have been a prisoner who was Should time eventually reveal them, it must still remain a wonder of the world that ever there should have been a prisoner who was a party, as it were, to his own captivity; who never complained of the treatment which he received at his gaoler's hands; never was known to murmur at his mysto-rious lot; never, except in the case of the plate, tried to reveal himself; never at-tempted to escape; was kind and gentle to all who approached him, and whose im-prisonment was yet so ligorous as not only and who approached him, and whose im-prisonment was yet so rigorous as not only to seclude him wholly from the outer world, but to require as one of the conditions of the prisoner's existence, that he should live and die an unknown man, hidden from the sight of his fellow-creatures by the hideous device of an iron mask.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

[Verses suggested by Frang's Chromo of Whittler's "Barefooted Boy."]

There hangs on the wall before me. Where the sunshine loves to dwell,
A picture, a sweet little victure,
That holds me in a spell,—

A boy with sun-browned features, All dimpled in childish joy; And I gaze through the tears that blind me, On this little "Barefoot Boy."

The eyes are full of brightness The eyes are full of brightness,
And the checks so rosily red,
That it hardly seems a picture,
But a living child instead,—
A child, with his brown bands hidden
In the pockets where lurks each toy
Which I know brought childish pleasure
To this little "Barefoot Boy."

and I think, while my tears are dropping Like rain on my open book, Of my little barefooted darling That the summoning angels took; And I sigh for the vanished brightness,

As I see each unused toy
That ence belonged to my darling,
To my little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think of one sad June evening, And I think of one sad June evening,
When the mournful robins sang,
And up from the gathering shadows
The cry of the whippoorwill rang;
And I think of the gloomy shadow
That fell on life's brightest joy,
When the angels came in the twilight
For my little "Barefoot Boy."

see he some shudewless hearthstones Glad children at merry play; And I think of my life's broad shadow, And I weep, and turn away; And I look at my little picture, And the face so bright with joy, And think that a sinless angel

nd think that a sinless angel
Was once my "Barefoot Boy."
S. V. STORM.

# GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

Wishing Mrs. Garston good-night, Thomas hands this great amount of power ton in a sense compelied him to do! was all for the best; he was making an ample living now, and his name stood high in his calling before the world.

Opening the house-door with a latch-key, was about to enter the dining-root en a maid servant ran up.

A lady is there waiting for you, sir.

She says she wants to see you on particular "Who is it ?" he asked

"I don't know, sir. She has been here above an hour. We showed her in there, as there was no fice in the drawing-room, and so the cloth's not laid.

When a man, starving for his dinner, gets told the cluth's not laid, it is by no means agreeable news. Thomas Kage made the best of it, as he was wont to do of most other ills in life. But he did wonder what lady could be wanting him. Seated before the fire, her back to the door, he saw some one in a gray-plaid shawl. She get up as he entered, and turned her head. Keziah

Gray though her shawl might be, it did not equal the gray hardness of her face; but that had grown habitual. Mr. Kage but that had grown nabitual. Mr. hage closed the door, and sat down near her, the recent remark of Mrs. Garston's pracing through his mind—that Keziah's voice and hands trembled and her lips turned blue when pleading for Barby. Her voice was hands tremuled and her tips turned blue when pleading for Barby. Her voice was not trembling now, as she apologized for taking his house by storm to wait for him. He said a few courteous words, and then left her to tell her business.

"I have come to request a great favor of you," she began. "I know how vast is the liberty I am taking in meddling with what you may deem cannot concern me; but interests are at stake which-which-

a mask during his incorporation in the still, said that though he had long waited she was not one likely to be superfluously

agitated, even for Barby; but because she doubted schaf she could say to justify her plea, and yet not say too much. It had to be done; those calm, honest, steady eyes were patiently fined on her. She went on a little more quickly.

"You are the sole trustee to Mrs. Dawkea's little son, I believe, Mr. Kage."

"The trustee to his property—yee."

"It is accumulating largely, they say."

"Of course. With so large a fortune it could not be otherwise."

"I want you to lend a very, very infinitesimal portion of those savings to the child's stepfather," continued Kexiah.

"To Major Dawkes?"

"Yea."

"I am very truly sorry you should have come here to prefer any such request to me, Miss Dawkes. It is not in my power to

In your power it is, Mr. Kage; in your

"In your power it is, ar. name, in will it may not be."

"Indeed you are in error. It is not in my power to touch a fraction of Thomas Canterbury's money, to lend to Major Dawkes or to any other person. If I did so, I should be false to my trust."

"No false really; only in your own estimation."

mation."

"False really; I think you must see that, Miss Dawkes. But, put it, as you auggest, I like to stand well with my conscience," he added, smiling, wishing to pass the matter off as lightly as he could.

"I have come to beg, pray, entreat of you to do this," rejoined Keziah with deep earnestness, as if the smile offended her.
"I have come to eresite with you for it, Mr. Kage, if need be,"
She half rose from her chair as she spoke.
Mr. Kage got up and put his elbow on the mantlepiece. He foresaw the interview might possibly turn out more painful than pleasant.

"To wrestle with you, as Jacob wrestled "To wrestle with you, as saled with the angel on the plains of Peniel," she continued, her voice falling, her cold gray eyes searching his. "To say to you as he said, I will not let you go unless you bless

me."
"Were it a thing I could do, Miss Dawkes,
I should not need this persuasion. Being
what it is, no entreaty or persuasion can

move me."
The voice was all too quietly firm. Kesiah's heart began to fail within ber.
"I never thought you a hard man."
"I do not think I am one. This is not a question of hardness, but of right and

wrong."
"To grant the request would cost you no-

thing."
"The cost to me we will put out of sight, thing."

"The cost to me we will put out of sight, please, Miss Dawkes, as a superfluous consideration. The request is—pardon me—one that you have no right to make, or I to suffer. See you not," he added, bending his head a little in the force of argument, "that if I were capable of lending (say) one hundred pounds of this money lying in my charge, I might, in point of principle, as well lend the whole? If I could bring myself to touch any of it, what is there to prevent my taking it all?"

Of course Keziah saw it; she was a strong-uninded woman of sense and discernment. But Barby's position made her feel desperate, obscuring right and wrong.

"The position I stand in, as sole trustee to so large a property, is a very onerous one," he pursued. "When I found I was appointed to it by Mr. Canterbury's will, the responsibility that would lie on me struck me at once, and I hesitated, for that and other reasons, whether to accept it. Eventually I did so; but I was quite sure of myself, Miss Dawkes. Had I not been, the world would never have found me acting."

Kesiah sat forward in the chair, her head resting on her band. Mr. Kage, still standing, faced her. He seemed firmer than that celebrated mansion pertaining to the boy's property—the Rock.

"It is so trilling a sum that I ask you the loan of! Only three or four thousand

"It is so trifling a sum that I ask you the loan of! Only three or four thousand

"The amount, more or less—as you must perceive—has nothing to do with it." "Do you think that Major Dawkes would

"De you think that Major Dawkes would not pay you back?"
"I think Major Dawkes neither would nor could," fearlessly replied Mr. Kage.
"But—pardon me for repeating it—the question does not lie there."
"Can you suppose that you are fulfilling your duty to the child, when you thus refuse this poor little meed of aid to one who stands to him as a father?" flashed K. ziah, the strength of the child, when you the sacen.

emper getting for a moment into the ascendant. "My duty to the child, my duty to his dead father, lies in refusing it," said Mr. Kage quietly. "But that Mr. Canterbury felt perfectly secure in my faithfulness, he

not have aced in my sole surely would

opeless look, and Thomas Kage felt for her.

permit any."

Keziah did not take the hint. Tenacious by nature in all that concerned Barnaby, she

Put yourself in my brother's place, Kage," she pleadingly said, her tone Mr. Kage. Mr. Kage," she pleadingly said, her tone taking a degree of softness. "If you had some desperately pressing need of temporary help, how would you feel if it were denied

you—as you are denying me?"
"I must really beg of you not to pursue
this farther," was his rejoinder. "It gives
you pain, and is utterly useless."
"Did you understand my hint?" she asked,

dropping her voice. "He is in desperate need of it; desperate! Nothing else would justify my persistency after your refusal. It common debt

is not common debt."
"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Kage.
"I suspected something of the kind."
"Will you not lend it him?"
"No. I regret you should make me repeat my refusal so often. There is no alter-

grew rich," he rejoined; involuntarily think- Dawkes."

ing that, if he were rich, to lend money to Major Dawkes would go against the grain.

Dayou know any one who would? any client, for example? Barnaby would pay

I do not, indeed. A solicitor would be

Kesiah's private belief was, that Barnaby had exhausted those accommodating gentle-men. She sat on, never attempting to move and at last began to say a good word for

Barnaby.

"There is every excuse to be made for my brother; you must acknowledge that, Mr. Kage."

"Excuse for what?"

"Excuse for what?"

"For running into debt. He has been placed in the midst of temptation. Married to a woman who has so large an income, what else could be expected of a man?"

Thomas Kage stared a little.
"I should have considered it just the position that a man might find safety in, Miss Dawkes. Every luxury of life is provided for, without cost to himself."

"You forget his personal expenses—gloves and that."
"Not at all. He reckens I believe to

"Not at all. He reckons, I believe, to draw two thousand a-year from his wife's income for them. And there's his pay besides."

"Who told you that?" seked Keriah, quite sharply.
"Mrs. Dawkes. I had occasion to con-

suit her on a matter connected with the ce-tate, and she incidentally mentioned that Major Dawkes drew two thousand a-year for

his private pocket."

Keziah bit her lip.
"Well, what's two thousand a-year to a man of my brother's habits? He has to do as others do."

as others do."
"I question if Major Dawkes confines himself to the two thousand," rejoined Mr.
Kage significantly. "Mrs. Canterbury married him without being secured, and her
money lies at the bank in his name. As we
are upon the point, Miss Dawkes, it is as
well to be correct."
"You wish to make out that he draws

"You wish to make out that he draws just what he pleases of it!" she said resent-

fully.

"I wish to make out nothing. I have not "I wish to make out nothing. I have not the smallest doubt that he does do it."
Kexish stood at bay. She had risen to leave; was she to go in her despair, resigning every hope? Once more a piteous appeal for help went out to Mr. Kage. And yet she knew it would be useless as she spoke it. At length she turned to go, Mr. Kage attending her.

"The mystery to me is, how he can get rid of so much money," he remarked on impulse, as he laid his hand on the lock of the door.

"He gambles," whispered Keziah, forgetting Barnaby's interests for once in her

ting barnanys interests for once in her bit-ter abandonment.

"Gambles? Ay, there it is."

But Thomas Kage had no doubt known as much before. He closed the street-door on his guest, and Keziah went into the bleak night, wondering what now could be done for her brother.

for ber brother. for her brother.

While Thomas Kage, standing over the fire until they should bring his dinner, recalled a certain warning in regard to the boy's money, that Mrs. Garston had given him years before. He had thought it quite orfluous then

superfluous then.

"Take you care of it, or Barby will be too many for you. He'd wring the heart out of a live man if it were made of gold."

CHAPTER XXXI. VERY UNSATISFACTORY.

Something like a week went by, and then Mrs. Garston's house was closed. The hale old lady had gone to her rest.

Down came Mr. Jessup, her solicitor; the same man of law who acted (but not always) for Barnaby Dawkes. Major Dawkes was sometimes involved in odds and ends of affairs that he would not have taken to him. fairs that he would not have taken to him, a respectable practitioner. Before her death, Mrs. Garston had said to those about her, "When anything happens to me, send for Jessup, and let him look in my desk for instructions."

Keziah Dawkes was with her when she Kesiah Dawkes was with her when she died. Whether in any hope that a second appeal might be of use to Barnaby, whether in solicitude for the old lady's precarious state, Kesiah presented herself at the house one morning, and found her aunt dying—all but gone. Kesiah was very angry that she had not been summoned; but Mrs. Garston's maid—who had grown old, is her service—said her mistress had forbidden her to send to cither her or the Major. Mr Keschand taken his leave of her the previous night; when he called in that morning, she was already insensible. Keziah listened, and could but resign herself to fate.

hands this great amount of power."

Argument seemed useless, and Keziah sighed heavily. Her face began to take a felt to be more mistress in the house than she had ever been before; she went peering be had ever been before; she want peering But he would have given up his life rather than his probity.

"When Major Dawkes applied to me upon this subject—which fact I presume, is known to you, by your coming yourself—I stopped him at the onset, Miss Dawkes. I told him that the matter was one that did not admit of argument; neither would I permit an "."

"Mr. Jessup searched for the paper of instructions. They were found to have reference that were the paper of the paper of the paper of the present and the proper of the paper of the

structions. Ineywere round to nave reference chiefly to her funeral. Keziah looked over his shoulder. Mrs. Garston directed that she should be buried by the side of Lady Kage, and that Thomas Kage should follow her as chief mourner.

He the chief mourner!—a pang of dread shot through Keziah's heart. Could this be an intimation that she had made that man her beir? Barby had said it would be so.

And yet one slight circumstance gave Keziah some little courage: she gathered from the servants that Mr. Jessup had been summoned to a conference on the Friday in the past week. Counting back the days, Keziah found this must have been the one following that pleading visit of hers for Barby. A burning hope sprang up again within her; yes, Mrs. Garaton might have relented.

relented.

"Can you tell me whether my aunt has altered her will lately?" inquired Keziah of Mr. Jessup, who was putting a seal on an Indian cabinet, were Mrs. Garaton's prin-

native."

Keziah began to understand that there would be none. She lifted her face to his. "Could you lend him any of your own money, then? I would be responsible as well as he for its return."

Mr. Kage smiled.

"You would find me much less hard in regard to my\_own, if I had any to lend. A struggling barrister does not put by money."

"For 'atruggling' say 'rising.' You are that now."

"That's just what she did want, Miss

"Did it concern my brother?" quickly cried Keziah, helding her breath.
"I cannot say but what it did," was the lawyer's answer. "That is all I can tell you now, Miss Dawkes," he added, interrupting her as she was about to speak. "For particulars on that and other points you must be content to wait for the will itself."

Well, Kesiah could do that; there were well, Kestah could do that; there were some grains of hope to live upon. Very anxiously did she search the lawyer's coun-tenance, if by goed luck she might gather from it courage or disappointment; but it gave out neither. A wax face in a barber's shop could not be more impervious than his.

his.

Tying on her bonnet with eager fingers, pulling her gray-plaid shawl around her, she made her way to the street-door, and met Thomas Kage in the garden. A few words passed between them concerning the old friend gone, and then Keziah put a home question.

Do you know how things are left, Mr. Kage?

"Jessup is in there scaling up the places," continued Kerish, looking hard at Thomas Kage, almost as though she doubted his denial. "I find that my aunt altered her will last week, and that the alteration concerned Barnaby."
"Indeed!" was all be answered.

"Of course, after our recent interview, you cannot but know that this is of the very you cannot but know that this is of the very utmost moment to me, Mr. Kage, for my brother's sake," she resumed. "To him it is almost a matter of life or death. If you do know how Aunt Garston's will is left, it cannot hurt you to tell me."
"But I do not," he replied. "I as ure you, Miss Dawkes, that I know nothing whatever about the will—absolutely nothing. She never told me how her affairs were settled; never has given me so much as a hint of it."
Keriah saw that he was speaking truth.

as a hint of it."

Keriah saw that he was speaking truth, and continued her way, leaving him to enter. Barnaby Dawkes's communication to her that night at her house—the few whispered words as he was leaving—had three parts scared her senses away. Unless help came to him—Keriah shivered as she strove put way the thought of what might follows. to put away the thought of what might fol-low after. Her great auxiety to accertain whether he was left well off was this, that Barnaby might be able to quiet unpleasant

creditors at once with the news. "Barby, she's gove!" exclaimed Keziah, bursting in upon him as he sat in his study looking over some letters, a cigar in his

"Who's gone?" returned the Major, thinking of any one at the moment rather than

ing of any one at the moment rather than Mrs. Garston.

"The poor old deaf creature. She died about an hour ago."

Major Dawkes got up and stool with his back to the fire, into which he threw the cigar. Keziah thought he looked startled.

"Dead, is she? Rather sudden."

"No, they say not. It's a shame I was not seent for."

"You see now there was not so much

"You see now there was not so much time to lose," remarked the Major. "You might as well have done as I asked, you, Keriah."

"I did do it, Barby, dear. I went to her the day afterwards. She'd not give me the slightest hope; was just as rudely abusive of you as ever. So then I went to Mr.

Kage."
The Major lifted his eyes.

"What for?"
"To get him to lend you a small mite of "To get him to lend you a small miss of the trust money; er rather to try to get him. It was of no use; he was hard as ada-mant."

"I could have told you it would be no use going to him," was the rough answer; "and

"Well, I did it for the best," she said, thinking how thankless he was ready to swear at her rather than be grateful. Major Dawkes gave the fire a stamp with

his heel.

"Old Jessup is at the place sealing up
the things," continued Keriah. "He had
to come and open the instructions for the
funers). Thomas Kage is to be the chief
mourner. If—"

mourner. If—"
"And the chief heir, too, I expect," ex-

"And the chief heir, too, I expect," explosively interrupted the Major. "A sly, sneaking, greedy hound!"

"He's not that, Barby. If she has left him her heir—depend upon it, it is without any connivance of his. But I think there's a chance for you."

"It's to be hoped there is."

She told him what she had learnt, about the lawre, being suppressed to make some the lawyer's being summoned to make some alteration in the will, and his acknowledg-ment that it concerned Major Dawkes. The Major shouted at the news. He looked upon

and his spirits went up to fever heat. The funeral was over. The fine spring day was drawing to a close as the carriage came back again. Thomas Kage, according to appointment, was the chief mourner; just as he had been many years before at another

grave, lying side by side.

They assembled in the drawing-room.

Keziah Dawkes, the only lady present, looking very grim in her black robes; Mr. Kage;

Richard Dunn; Major Dawkes; Charlotte
Lowther's husband; Mr. Lynn-Garston, a

wealthy country squire, whose brother,

Harry Lynn-Garston, was to have married

Olive Canterbury; and the lawyer. The

will, exciting so much hope and fear in

Keziah's breast, was at last about to be made

public. grave, lying side by side.

They assembled in the drawing-room

public.

Mr. Jessup unfolded it before them. Mr. Jessup unfolded is before them.
Within it was a sealed paper, which, according to the deceased's directions, was to be read before the will. It was written in Mrs. Garston's own stiff hand. Mr. Jessup explained that Mrs. Garston had handed him plained that Mrs. Garston and assuce and this paper sealed up, giving him no intima-tion of what the contents might be—only directions to put it with her will, and read it first. The lawyer looked at it with evi-dent interest. His audience listened eagerly. It turned out to be a kind of will, or trans-cript of her will, interspersed with various remarks, and curiously worded.

"Whereas," (it began, after a few introobstinately to be my heir, as I wished and intended to make him, I dispose of my property amidst others—and I do it unwillingly.

To Richard Dunn, five thousand pounds.

He is an honest man, and has been my good friend. "To Charlotte Lowther, the step-daugh-

"To Charlotte Lowther, the step-daugn-ter of my late dear friend Lady Kage, five thousand pounds.

"To Dr. Tyndal five hundred pounds.

"To Mr. Jessup, my lawyer, five hundred

Pede C

"Legacies to all my servants—as my will specifies. They have been faithful.

"To Olive Canterbury, my case of diamonds, in remembrance of Harry Lynn-Garston. There are faw young women I respect as I do Olive Canterbury.

"To Millicent Canterbury, my set of pearls, and the emerald ring that I am in the habit of wearing on my little finger.

"To Lydia Dunn, a plain Bible, and Prayer Book—which my executors will purchase—hoping she will read and profit by them.

Prayer Book—which my executors will purchase—hoping she will read and profit by them.

"To Kedah Dawkes an ansuity of one hundred pounds for her life. Alse a present sum in ready money of two hundred and fifty pounds; to be paid to her within twenty-one days of my death free of legacy duty. Also my set of corals and the two rings lying in the same case. Also four of my best gowns (she is to choose them) and the bisch-velvet mantle, and the lace that is contained in the top drawer of the ebony miniature set of drawers in the blue bedroom. Keziah Dawkes would have got three hundred a-year instead of one, but for the way in which she has joined Barby to deceive me through a course of years.

"To Thomas Charles Carr Kage, I leave these two houses—this and the one he lives in. He has been as a son to me these many years, and I thought to make him heir to the greater portion of my money. He refuses absolutely—baving had enough of unjust wills, he says, in old Canterbury's—but I know that he would have need the money well. If he refuses these houses, I direct that they shall be rased to the ground. It is my carnest deairs that he should not refuse; and I cannot think he will so far diaregard my last wishes as to do so.

"To various charities, as specified in my will, I leave five thousand pounds.

"Barnaby Dawkes. I declare in this my last restament, that it never was in my thoughts to make Barby Dawkes my heir. Had he shown himself worthy of it, I would have left him amply well off; but my heir he never would have been. As he is unworthy, he will not find himself much the better for me. I bequeath to him an annity of two hundred and sight pounds; and I further bequeath to him a present sum of five hundred pounds, free of duty, to be paid to him within twenty-one days of my death.

"The rest of my property I leave to Arthur Lynn-Garston, and make him my residuary learnes. And I appoint Richard

death.

"The rest of my property I leave to Arthur Lynn-Garston, and make him my residuary legates. And I appoint Richard Dunn and himself my executors.

"MARGARET GARSTON."

Arthur Lynn-Garston looked up in mute astonishment. He had not expected to be remembered at all: certainly not to this large amount. But this was not the true will. Very rapidly the lawyer was proceeding to read that, as if desirous not to

will. Very rapidly the lawyer coeding to read that, as if desirous not to give time for comment.

It proved, so far as the bequests went, a counterpart of the paper. And Barnaby Dawkes's legacy of two hundred and eight pounds a year was to be paid to him by weekly instalments.

"That's all," said the lawyer, folding it

"That's all," said the lawyer, folding it up.

Keziah's pale lips were trembling. She approached him with an angry tone.

"You told me Mrs. Garston made some alteration in my brother's favor only a week before she died. Where is it?"

"I did not say whether it was in his favor or against him, Miss Dawkes: enly that it concerned him," replied Mr. Jessup in a low tone. "The alteration Mrs. Garston desired me to make was this—that Major Dawkes's annuity of two hundred pounds should be increased to two hundred and eight; and be paid to him weekly. She remarked that Mrs. Dawkes would not live for ever, and he might come to want bread-and-cheese."

What could Keziah answer? Nothing. But her face took an ashy turn in the shaded room's twilight. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# BEYOND THIS PRESENT.

"We measure life by years and tears," he said: "We live a little; then life leaves us dead, And the long grass grows greenly overhead."

The years pass on, some swiftly and some alow,
Each takes a little from red summer's glow;
Each gives a little of white winter's snow.

For ever more and more they take and add; We lose the things that used to make us

glad, We keep but those that make us slow and sad. Hot tears well up from out the fountain We wipe them off with proud resentful start :

Alas, our pride heals not their bitter smart! The eye is but the surface; deep and wide Abides beneath the source of their sait tide; The heart must rest ere that full flow be dised.

As on its hinges swings the door of Time, We catch sweet glimpses of a land sublime Filled with the goldenness of Heaven's prime

And One stands up; oh, fair and full in sight, With clear true words He calls us day and night!
Help us, O God, to see and hear aright!

For if we see Him, we shall see Thee too;

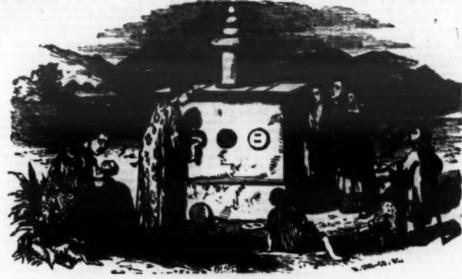
And if we hear Him, He will tell us true, And fill our hands with some blest work to

And then both years and tears shall surely cease: Time to Eternity shall make increase; And smiles shall beautify an endless pe

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. -We still have a lively recollection of the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned, his face radiant with joy. "Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian." "What did you do with the other?" saked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

Eastman Johnson, the clever painter, on being asked by a friend what he had done the year past, replied, "Not much but get-ting married."

A drunken man who had slipped down, thought it singular that water always freezes with the slippery side up.



We take the above engraving from a peri-odical devoted to the missionary cause. It drop their living female children, in order is there stated that tombs like this are to to save the expense of their maintenance, be found in the neighborhood of the large | We are inclined to think there is some mis-

take about this, and that these tombs are for the dead, and not for the living. Can any of our readers inform us as to the facts of the case?

# A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT. AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRA-GON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

AUNT JULIA IS INDIGNANT, AND PERD IS

CHARMING.

Ferd's head was not the only one that carried an idea at this eventful period. Aust Julia's brain had developed one, and she proceeded to set it on its legs.

Eleanor was in the Blue-Room, lounging with a book in her hand, as was her custom when Rupert had left her.

Aunt Julia was visiting the famous picture, and had decided that its progress towards completion was uncommonly slow. "Three days ago he had begun on that coral," she said to herself, and it isn't finished yet." Then she shook her head a good many times, and went towards the Blue-Room, where she surprised Eleanor yawning over her book.

"Reading novels isn't as interesting as

"Reading novels isn't as interesting as having your portrait painted," said this astute personage. "Does Rupert paint all the time?"

tute personage. "Does Rupert paint on the time?"

"N—o," said Eleanor slowly. "Sometimes he sketches me an embroidery pattern, or a design for an antique chair, or a cabinet of the time of Leuis XV."

"And what do you suppose that Ruth is doing while he does this?"

"Attending to her housekeeping, I suppose. By-and-by she will have as much as I and keep as many servants; when the property is divided, I mean."

"No—she is crying her eyes out."

"She had better be attending to her housekeeping. But perhaps she is repenting."

ing." She feels as you do about losing Cecil."

"Oh! she is crying her eyes out about Cecil! I have given up doing that."

"Because you have taken her husband to console you for the loss of yours."

"Aunt Julia!"

"Aunt Julia!"
"Don't Aunt Julia me. It is true. I
don't know but you enjoy his society the
more, because his wife is deprived of it."
"It is not I but he who deprives her of
it. Rupert is my cousin and my friend.
Shall I drive him out of my house because
that great baby cries for a toy she never
valued until she saw some one else playing
"the it's" with it?"

with it?"

"Sophistry. You think you are helping to punish Ruth, and you enjoy it."

"Do you know them?"

"Yes. I know what she has done from Rupert. I didn't go at you first, I went at him. He was angry of course. Then he thought it best to defend himself—so he told me the whole story. But I told him that didn't make his case any better—that he might punish his wife, but he shouldn't be spending all of his time with you, particularly when your husband was away."

"And what did he say?"

"And what did no say?"
"Said that he was your cousin. That friendship, and even something warmer was allowable between counins, and that he would take his dismissal from no one but your-

And if he waits until I give it to him h

"And if he waits until I give it to him he won't be in a hurry. Dear Rupert! after we have been parted all these years, and he is the only comfort I have! And I am his comfort. He told me so."

"A very pretty thing to be the comfort of a man who has a wife of his own to comfort him! I think you're a fool, for I know you're not wicked, but I think Rupert is something more than a fool—for a man knows more about such things than a woman. And you'll both be sorry before many more weeks go over your heads."

"Wait until we are sorry, dear Aunt Julia. How can I turn away my Cousin Rupert,

"Watt until we are worry, down an Rupert, when we both are innocent of anything but loving each other as brother and sister? And he was my carliest friend—almost my pre-

"Oh! you're nothing but a monkey. It's Rupert I blame."
"You had better blame Ruth. A wheed-

"I see with my own eyes, and don't have to borrow my neighbors," said Aunt Julia, going out and closing the door with em-phasis.

Eleanor sprang up, dropping her book on

Eleanor sprang up, dropping her book on the floor.

"I won't give up Rupert. We are both innocent. People always will think the worst about everything—and if—if they begin to say things perhaps Cecil will come back! Oh! I would be willing to walk over red-hot ploughshares like Queen Emma to bring back."

"To bring back Cecil?" asked Ferd, who had come in while she was speaking.
"Yes, to bring back Cecil. Oh! Ferd!
if I knew of anything to bring him back to

Why don't you send away Rupert as a prelim

"What do you mean?"

"My dear, don't flash your eyes at me.
I mean what I say. I'd stay away if I'd come back and found another fellow hanging around my wife as Rupert does around."

mg around my wife as kupers does around you."

"No you wouldn't. You would stay, and, you being in your proper place, your wife would desire no other society."

"Well, you see I am not of a very jealous temperament, but if I were—"

"Do you think that Cecil—"

"Cecil doesn't say much, but, like many quiet people, he may feel the more.—I'm noisy and carelese, but, hang me! if, when I'd been away a month or so, if I should like to find my wife in another fellow's arms the first minute I saw her."

Eleanor blushed.

Eleanor blushed.

But I had thought Rupert dead—and-

Eleanor blushed.

"But I had thought Rupert dead—and—he is may cousin."

"You didn't know it then, and Cecil knew you didn't. He said nothing, but he looked terribly out up."

Eleanor hung her head. Could Cecil have been jesious? Did he love her enough to be so? But jesiousy is often the first sign of love given by these habitually quiet men. The thought was perfectly delightful to her. She laughed, she clapped her hands, and danced with her old lightness around Ferd, who beamed upon her a rather short Maypole decked with wreathing smiles. Truly, blessed are the peacemakers."

"You will send Rupert away?"

"Rupert! my darling Rupert! How can I be so ungrateful?"

"Oh! I love him, but I love Cecil more, very much more." She blushed beautifully while making this confession. It was to her almost like a girl's bold acknowledgment of the depth of her feeling for her lover.

"Then if you wish to see Cecil back you must say to Rupert, go."

"Not go for good?"

"I fear se. He is very peculiar. Cecil I mean."

"Oh! can I?"

"Oh! can I?"

mean."

"Oh! can I?"

"Rupert or Cecil, your cousin, or your husband. You make your choice now for the future." And Ferd snatched up his hat and disappeared, fearing, if he should say anything more, to spoil the plot.

Eleanor went to the window and looked after him with some surprise. How strangely he had appeared! Could he have been Cecil's ambassador? While she was watching him disappear down one avenue, she did not see who was coming up another, dressed in a crimson gown, with blue drapery drawn over the head and shoulders, like Rafæl's Mater Dolorosa. She approached hesitatingly, with downcast eyes, pushed open the outer door without either knocking or ringing, creesed the hall and tapped on the door of the Blue Room.

"Come in," said Eleanor, without moving from the window. Some one came in, moving noiselessly, with only the trail of her skirte making known the fact of her presence.

"Is that you, Aunt Julis!" Eleanor saked,

"Is that you, Aunt Julia?" Eleanor asked, "It is then you, autor wintry prospect.

"It is I," replied a low voice, the sound of which made her turn quickly.

"Ruth!"

"Yes, Ruth." And she raised her heavy

eyes to Eleanor's face, with the appealing look that had struck Ferd.
"Won't you sit down?" said Eleanor, not being able to help feeling guilty. "You had better throw off your wraps, for the "It is very warm." said Ruth, seating herself languidly and dropping the blue draperies from her head and shoulders.

Graperies from her head and shoulders.

"How pale you are!" was Eleanor's exclamation, and then she thought, "Anxiety about Rupert has made her so pale," and she herself blushed.

"I cannot say the same about you. I never saw you with more color."

"I am well, and yet I am not well," said Eleanor.

"That is the case with me. I have a per-fectly ridiculous appetite, and yet I suffer from dizziness and headache."

fectly ridiculous appetite, and yet I suffer from dizziness and headache."

"My own symptoms," said Eleanor, and then the two women looked at one another—Eleanor with a startled, inquiring glance, Ruth with a smile, half-aweet, half-pitiful.

The latter spoke—"I am glad to feel ill. I hope that I am going to die."

"Oh! no, not to die!" said Eleanor. "You must live. You will live."

"I do not wish to live. I have nothing to live for."

"You have averything to live for." said.

"You have everything to live for," said Eleanor. Leaving her seat and going up to Ruth, she leant one band on her shoulder, and bending forward whispered in her ear. Ruth looked up at her with a bewildered, troubled gaze, put her two hands together, as if in prayer, and burst into tears. Eleanor took ber head between her hands and drew it gently to her bosom. "He will come back to you now," she said. Ruth meaned out aomething, still weeping silently on Eleanor's bosom. "I shall tell him that he me here no more, until he is recon-his wife. If I make him angry, he wally go to you for composition."

will naturally go to you for consolation."

"How good you are!" said Ruth, still hiding her face. "I have not deserved it."

"We will both behave better from this time. I want a sister, Ruth. Will you be one to me?"

"Will you let me? Oh! Eleanor!"

"Let us begin to be sisters this very afternoon. Btay with me to-night. We have so much to say to each other."

Ruth let Eleanor remove her wrape, and then she glanced towards the mirror.

"You are looking lovely," said Eleanor.

"You hair looks better in a state of dishevilment, and crying has brought back your color."

"It is your kindness that has done that," said Ruth; and as Eleanor was standing before her, she took her hands, and bending her head upen them, hissed them.

"Don't cry any more," said Eleanor, as some drops fell sparking on her fingers.

"You'll spoil the effect of your cormage. When one wears a Pompadour-waist, one should smile and loek bewitching."

Ruth did smile, her cheeks soon rivalled the orimson of her robe, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure.

The two made a pretty picture sitting there, with the firelight shining in their faces and over their shimmering silk attire, for it was late in the afternoon of a cloudy day, and the cold gloom without made brighter the warm radiance within. Eleanor sat at Ruth's feet, and her fair looks fell partly over Ruth's lap, partly over the blue of her dross. She looked like pale Morning in the lap of ruddy Eve, so fair and delicate, in contrast with Ruth's fall figure, brilliant bloom, and rolling red-brown risglets. Her hand held Ruth's, and their eyes sought each ether from time to time, as if to make sure of the new-bors reconciliation.

"And to think that you should he my own cousin, after all!" Ruth said. "You know that?"

"Yes; Cecil told Aunt Julia."

"Did he explain how it was?" asked Ruth, seeming desirous to turn the conversation

know that?"

"Yes; Cecil told Aunt Julia."

"Did he explain how it was?" asked Ruth, seeming desirous to turn the conversation into an easier channel and dissipate the feeling of strangeness that would come over her in this new aspect of affairs.

"He explained it all that she might tell it to me."

"He must be very much in love with you to have taken so much trouble for your sake."

Eleanor blushed with pleasure, then looked

to have taken so much trouble for your sake."

Eleanor blushed with pleasure, then looked up in Ruth's face—the spirit of the remark was so unlike Ruth's former self.

"I know what you are thinking of," said Ruth; and Eleanor hastily averted her head. "I hope it won't be a case of 'The devil got sick, the devil a monk would be; the devil got well, the devil a menk was he.' But your unexpected kindness when I was so very, very miserable, and when you had it is your power to prolong and increase my misery, makes me feel as if I had been abusing my good angel all these years, and I do love you now, Eleanor, I do, indeed; if you will be good enough to let me love you, I mean, for I know I am unworthy."

"My darling Ruth, don't say another word about it, and there are those tears again! I wasn't always a saint towards you, by any means—and I'm not a saint now, for if you think me good to you, it is because I am so happy to know that Cecil loves me, that I don't wish any one else to be unhappy. Now let me tell you how he (that's Cecil) found out that I really am a Rupert, and the level interitive of the femily failings. He

that I don't wish any one else to be unhappy. Now let me tell you how he (that's Cedi) found out that I really am a Rupert, and the legal inheritrix of—the family failings. He remembered to have heard that a fisherman, called Bob Larris, helped Rupert to bury my poor father in the sea, so he inquired him out, the first thing after reaching the fishing village where I was born. Bob Larris remembered all about it, was very much pleased to hear that I was alive, well, and well-married. He asked if Rupert were my husband. Cecil told him that he himself was, and, being so, was anxious to learn some of the particulars of my birth and parentage. Then Bob told him how my poor fasher had been wrecked upon that coast; how he was rescued by mother's father and brothers, carried to their cottage and nursed by my mother through a fever father and brothers, carried to their cottage and nursed by my mother through a fever that followed it. How, when he recovered, he was found to be 'neither mad nor silly,' as Bob phrased it, but 'just a bit toucked.' The truth was that his mind was jarred, and his memory had failed him, causing him to separate his identity from that of Robert Rupell, whose companion on shipboard he asserted himself to have been, and whose death he mourned continually. Notwithasserted himself to have been, and whose death he moursed continually. Notwithstanding these defects, my mother, 'a buxom, black-haired lass, with checks as red as herrings,' as Bob described her, fell in love with the stranger's handsome person, and they were married, the bridegroom seeming perfectly indifferent, but appearing to think it his duty to yield all to her wishes, as he had obediently accounted to he needs. as he had obediently succumbed to her nursing when convalescing from his illness. Bob said that she made him a good wife, but was jealous of me when I came, because I became so entirely the object of his love and care, to the exclusion of herself. The little sister, who was an infant when I left, is dead, and my mother is married again. At the time of her second marriage, she handed over my chapter's mall possessions. handed over my father's small possessions to his great friend, Bob. Among them was a small Greek Testament, very much stained with sea-water, having the name of Robert Rupell and some sentences written in it.

An immease antisfaction. I am not alto-her a 'fish child,' it seems."

A mermalden," said Ruth. "You will we that picture hy-and-by, will you

"With pleasure. But it is prettier:
I." As Eleanor spoks, a man's step ser
the hall. Ruth turned pale, and invetarily equeesed Eleanor's head. Eleanor
turned the presenre, and looked into
grate, feeling herself grow very nerRuth drooped her head and cleased her:
She felt as if she could not endure the
pease, and her hand grew like los in E
or's clasp. The door opened, a voice
"Hurrah!" and they both looked as
with a start.

power, seen near grew line see in Escanor's class. The door opened, a voice said, "Hurrah!" and they both looked around with a start.

It was Ford, who saw at a giance how masters stood, and in his delight rushed up to them, kissed them both, and shook hands with them until their arms sched.

"Ion't this jolly?"

"Oh! you had something to do with this, Ford?" said Ruth.

"Of course I had. And if Rupe and Cece don't come home pretty quick, I'll marry yen both."

"That isn't a very fearful threat," observed Ruth, with some of her old coquetry, and Eleanor said...

"You told me mothing that was not true?"

"Nothing, on my homer," said Ford, and then grew very red, for he had, in fact, only surmised what he had teld Eleanor.

When they went in te dimer, Aunt Julia was as much surprised as Ford himself. But she said nothing, of course, with a big, solemn footman at her back and the butter at her elbow. Ferd's behavior was a pean of thanksgiving. He surpassed himself, and allowed no comation of the mirth, as if conscious that a storm was brewing, and might burst at any moment. He now sat ever his wine alone, and, Cecil not being there, followed his cousins when they left the dining-room, and showered jests upon them thick and fast, until at last Eleanor declared that she had no more breath to laugh with, and Ruth's smile grew forced, while listening for a step that did not come.

"Doem't be usually come here in the evening?" she contrived to sak of Eleanor, unheard by Ferd.

"Generally, for a short time," was the reply. And then she watched and listened, starting every time the wind shock a door, or rattled a dry branch fallen along the avenue.

"Ton o'clook," said Eleanor, as the hour chimed above their heads. "You look tired.

or ration a big scannel avenue.

"Ten o'clook," said Eleanor, as the hour chimed above their heads. "You look tired, Ruth." Then she whispered..." He never comes as late as this." And Ruth said, with a sigh, that she would go to bed.

XLII. XLII.

(From Lady Currick's Diary.)

ELEANON'S EMBASSY.

Ruth did not sleep, toesing and moaning all night, and this morning she looked like a ghost. She said that her head ached, and I advised her to stay in bed, and have her breakfast brought to her, instead of going to the table, where, I think, Ferd's voice jars en her apprehensive senses. Her nerves are at their fullest tension, and it seems as if she would be ill if Rupert should not relest. I hathed her head and then left her, having kissed her the last thing before going out, in accordance with her wish. It seems so odd to find Ruth clinging to me as if I were her sole dopendence, so timid, so self-abased. She speaks of Rupert as if he were a kind of god, on whose flat hangs her future life or death. I hope he will not know that she is here, for I fear he will think we have banded against him. She says that intely he has not appeared to remark any of her movements, or to know if she were in the house or out of it.

I went in to see her after breakfast. She was trembling all over, and I was afraid this might be the prejude to an attack of hysterics, so administered some valerian. She said that she would not get up until the orisis should be past, and asked when I should speak to him. I said, immediately upon his arrival; and just them my maid knocked at the door, and said that Mr. Rupeli wished to see me. As I was about to leave the room, Ruth called me back to her. "Plead for me," she said, "as if you were pleading for one condemned to death. And, oh! Eleaner, speak quietly to him."

"My dear, I don't think I shall frighten him." I couldn't help laughing at the idea of poor, fragile me being so terrible to that tall, very-well developed, very-well-able-to-stand-up-for-himself, Rupert. My merriment seemed to re-assure her. She colored a little, as she said—

"I has afraid you might be violent."

"The family-failing, dear? I will endeavor to be as moderate as yourself."

"Ah! I! Well, I never stormed much."

"That is true. I will be dignified—hold. ELEANOR'S EMBASSY.

"The family-failing, dear? I will endeavor to be as moderate as yourself."

"Ah! I! Well, I never stormed much."

"That is true. I will be dignified—hold out the scales, and hide the sword. Goodbye for the present—and pray that your Rupert may be delivered from the jaws of the lion."

the lion."
If ound Rupert in the painting-room, of course. He looked paler than usual; and, was it fancy, or was be a little bit cool in his greeting? He was standing before the picture, and spoke to me when I came in, without turning around—he, who is always so courtsous. I began to feel nervous, and twisted my fingers tightly together, as I went forward, and stood beside, and a little back of him.

back of him.
"It is almost finished," said Rupert. "It is almost finished," said Rupert.

"Almost? It looks finished, to me."

"Does it? It is rough finished; but there are a thousand delicate touches, and almost invisible shadings required, to give it a perfect finish." feet finish."
"It looks well enough now, to please

me."
"Perhaps you would rather not have any more done to it?" he said, quietly.
"I would rather not. Do you know, Rupert, people are beginning to talk?"
"About what?"

"About your being here so much."
Is it any of their business?"

Not exactly; unless-"Unless those who have a right-"

"Who are those?"
"Don't you mind what Aunt Julia says :

"In this case, no."
"Or—or Ferd?"
"Not in the least. It is none of his af-I-well, suppose he thinks Cecil might

not like it?"
"Oh! if Cecil doesn't like it, I suppose I must go He said this with such a sneer, that I re-

2000

He had taken my band when he began to speak, and my hears was malising towards him; but the tone in which he had said— "What a home!" and the shrug, accom-maying it, brought me back to my original

purpose.
"It might be all that a home should be, if you would forgive." I said.
"I have forgives."
"Then you must have ceased to love."
"Heanor, it is not as easy to 'cease to love,' as I wish it were. Respect sometimes dies of that which will not kill love."
"Then if you have her still..."

"Then, if you love her still..."
"That is neither here nor there. Am I to be sent away from you because 'people

And only for that?"
Lan't that enough?"
You are not answering my question."

"I have now ered it."

'I have answered it."

'Like a Jesuit. I swish a reply to each one of the chauses. Am I sent away because Perd, Aunt Julia, etc., say that I am compromising you-or for some ulterior reason."

son?"

"I don't choose to be talked about," I responded bothy, angry at being driven into a corrier, in this way.

"You have not answered me."

"I shall make no other reply."

"I sm answered now. I shall go, then, because you have promised Ruth Rupell to drive me away. Perhaps she hears me now; but if she does not, tell her, that in depriving me of my small share of confort in ing me of my small share of comfort in this life, she has not added to her own

"Oh! Rupert! Poor Ruth-she is so un-

happy."
"It is as I thought. I don't feel hardly towards you. Eleanor—you are only saying your lesson."

Rupert, for mercy's sake !" "Rupert, for mercy's sake!"

"You may give my good-hye to Mrs. Rupell, and tell her that she is at liberty to follow her own plans, now. I shall be neither an obstacle, nor an instrument."

He turned and went towards the door. I

followed him.
"If you would only see her once! Only for a minute!"

I have seen her many times too often.

Good-bye, Eleanor."

He put his hands on my shoulders, bent and kissed me gravely. I held him tight.
"You won's go away, Rupert?"
"Do you tell me to stay?"
"Oh! what shall I do? Will you see her, if you stay?"

if you stay ?

In your presence. Yes."

"Well, stay, then."
"Very well." And be put down his hat, and went back to the picture.
"Will you want me to sit to you, now?"

"In about fifteen minutes, if conve-

muttered something, and flew out of the room. In the hall, I paused. A convic-tion slowly forced itself upon me. To keep Repert, I had circu up Ceell. And yet how could I have done otherwise, with the recollection of that unbappy woman awaiting me upon her restless bed? Could I tell her that he had gone forever, when, by keeping him,
I opened for her an avenue to future reconciliation? And yet—Cecil! He is my husconstion? And yet—teel? He is my hand; my first duty is to him. But my helpless enemy lay at my feet, having put her life into my hands. I knew if I thought it over a minute longer that I should turn back, tell Rupert that I had reconsidered my determination, and he must go ran down the stairs and into my chamber,

where Ruth was.
What a death-like face she raised from the

He says that he has."

"He says that he has a that?"
"Yes; and he has acknowledged that he still loves you."

'Oh! he is going to stay."

"He is going to stay?"

I felt myself redden in spite of myself, as replied—"He says that he will only see you in my presence

"If it hadn't been for that he would have

left you forever."
"He will see me only in your presence?"

"I thought that quite a concession A very great concession. Shall you to stay at his house?"

don't—understand you, Ruth."

am I to remain here a kind of marital sheep-dog, whose presence will pre-vent remarks ?"
"Rath!"

I will not secure an occasional glance or word from my husband on any such terms. I will not be a blind for his leve for

any woman."

"Do you say that to me, Ruth!—to me who have given up my husband that I may restore yours to you? Do you know that Cecil went away because of Rupert?—Ferd told me so yesterday—and if Rupert should go away he would come back to me. And, to give you a chance, I kept Rupert and let my Cecil go. I will make him go now, and you may follow him, and get him back yourself, if you can."

self, if you can."

I rushed towards the door, but as I touched

make such a sacrifice for me 'It is a sacrifice, but I will make it wil- a poem.

"You, yourself, said that I ought to seek a reconciliation with my husband,"
"I did, Eleanor," he said, facing ground, but not at the price of my expalsion, whatever anyone may say, is not true. And f you knew how happy I am when hereshow wretched when at home. What a home!"

"Oh! Eleanor, I am so achained? You had better give me up. There is no good in me. Whatever you may do for me I shall turn upon you, I know I shall."
"I hope not, Ruth. This may be a lesson for you, and teach you not to suspect people."

for you, and teach you not to suspect people who are trying to do you good."
"I hope it will." And she began to shake out her hair, trying to braid it up with trem-

bling fingers.
"Are you going to dress yourself?"
"Yes; don't let me keep you."
"I am going to sit to Tupert. When you are dressed you had better join me in the painting room."

painting-room."

"Yes," said Ruth, sitting down, and pushing back her bair. Sits looked so utterly disconsolate that I told her I should send in my maid to dress her hair. "She is a merry, chatty little thing, and I don't believe you can keep from laughing at her queer pronunciation and odd ideas. Be sure to join me as soon as you feel like it. Aualia will make you pretty enough to meet any adorer."

"Thank you," she said, and, as I left the room, I saw her rest her show on the dressing-table, and drop her head on her hand. painting-room

ing-table, and drop her head on her hand.

4 She had no business to suspect me," I said to myself as I closed the door, and went on my way to the painting-room

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.) A Long Walk.

In 1732, Thomas Penn contracted with feedyweening and some others for a title to all the land in Pennsylvania, to be taken off

port his stomach, and carried a hatchet to awing in his hands alternately, that the ac-tion in his arms should balance that in his legs, as he was fully determined to beat the others, or die in the attempt. He said he first saw Yates in descending Durham Creek, and gained on him. There he saw Yates sitting on a log, very tired; presently he fell off and gave up the walk. Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh, over-

took and passed Jennings—waded the river at Bethlehem—hurried on faster and faster by where Nazareth stande, to the Wind Gap. That was as far as the path had been marked for them to walk on, and there was a collection of people waiting to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the surveyor to give him a pecket compass, and started again. Three ladder markets are the surveyor to give him a pecket compass, and started again. pocket compass, and started again. Three Indian runners were sent after him to see if he walked it fair, and how far he went. He then passed to the right of Posono Moun-tain, the Indians fluding it difficult to keep tain, the Indians fluding it difficult to keep him in sight, till he reached Still Water; and he would have gone a few miles further but for the water. There he marked a trea witnessed by the three Indians. The distance he walked between sun and sun, not being ou a straight line, and about thirty miles of it through woods, was estimated to be from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles. He thus won the

a moment, for I felt that I should burst into tears if I did. And Ruth, having looked at me, and seeing nothing but wer in my face, sank back again, and covered her head with the sheet. I went up to the bed and pulled the sheet from her face.

"It is all right, Ruth," I said.

She sprang up in bed with a scream of joy, that amply repaid me at the instant for what I had done.

"It is all right!" she repeated, her checks glowing, her eyes shining.

"It will be all right in the course of time."

He says that be has."

"He says that be has."

"He says that be has."

"Oh; may tool bless you."

"But yet, Ruth, he says that you have lost his respect."

"I shall regain it if he loves me still. Was he very angry that you should send him away?"

who has taken the trouble too argue that you have lost a day, and should devote the rest of their time to sleep and self-improvement. Was he very angry that you should send him away?" they can live on sixpenny dinners, and thrive on meals, consisting of two cents' worth of bread and a jug of milk. 237 PAPER-GRASS.—Paper-grass is being

extensively cultivated in England. It is said that a ton of this substance makes nearly one thousand pounds of paper, of a tough, durable quality; but it is doubtful if it will ever supersede rags for all the finer

Mrs. General Gaines offers to compromise with those holding her property in New Orleans for ten cents on the dollar of

assessed value. tw The withdrawal of the Rev. Dr. Osgood from the Unitarians, creates a flutter of interest in religious circles. With what religious body he will determine to connect himself he has not yet decided. He says he is neither anti-Trinitarian nor anti-Unitarian, but desires to stand on the unsectarian foundation of the apostles. His present tendency is toward the Episcopal Chreek Davies by several tendency in the second of the control of the special of the present tendency is toward the Episcopal Chreek Davies by several tendency in the second of the sec Church. During his recent visit to England he saw much of the clergy of the Established Church, and expresses the opinion that the dootrinal points of the past excite no interest among the masses of intelligent English people. He speaks of the sentiments of several high divines of the Church of England as remarkably liberal. For the pre-Church. During his recent visit to England arkably liberal. land as remarkably liberal. For the pre-

it, Ruth detained me.

"Eleanor, forgive me, oh! forgive me. 1
did not know thus. I was joalous,! was mad
with my misery, and my unfortunate temper
made me say what I would give anything to
unsay. You will forgive me, will you not,
and let it all be as it was before?"

"The structure of the str

"You wish Repert to stay?"
"No, no. Let him go that Cecil may ome back. What am I that you should artist recently and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing

# Cost of Living Abroad.

BY THE REV. DR. OSGOOD.

It does not cost as much as I expected to travel and live in Barepa. Some friends said that I might get on well with ten deliars a day in gold, and, on thinking the prospect over. I thought that seven deliars a day ought to be enough. I am speaking, of course, wow of the proper expenses of travel, and mot of the outlay for dress, works of art, books, &c., for which a man can epand any amount that can be named. For these proper expenses, I formi my estimate too high, and that six deliarse day in gold will cover the whole amount of this expenditure for two hundred and fourteen days of absence. Some persons spend less, and some spend more. A young man told me that by walking much and going to cheap hotels, he got along for two or three dollars a day; and I have very frustworthy information from a banker, of one small American family that apent at the rate of over two thousand dollars a day, although I think that this sum must include all the expenses of dress, curiosities, jewels, &c. Probably most readers will be very much of my way of thinking, and desire to travel in a quiet, unostentations way, and have all essential comforts and refinements without dash or extravagence.

Railroad Fares.

RAILROAD FARES.

Americans generally are agreed on one point—that they will not consent to anything that looks like degradation, nor be mixed up with low company, or unclean usages, for the sake of a little saving. We must go in good vessels and cars, and have good beds and tables, or we are not at ease; and, in a reasonable sense of the term, we are the most aristocratic nation on earth. Teedynasening and some others for a title to all the land in Pennsylvania, to be taken of thy a parallel of latitude from any point as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sunrise and sunset, from a certain obestout tree, at or near Bristol, in a northwest direction. Care was taken to select the most capable for such a walk. The choice fell on James Yatea, a native of Bucks county, a tail, alim man, of much agility and speed of foot; Solomon Jenaines, a Yankee, remarkably stout and strong; Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks county, a noted hunter, chain-carrier, &c. a large, heavy-set, and strong-honed man.

The day was appointed and the champions notified. The people collected at what they thought the first twenty miles of the Durham road, to see them pass. First came Yates, stepping as light as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn and attendants on horseback. After him, but out of sight, came Jennings with a strong, steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets ran in favor of Yates. Marshall took biscuits to support his stomach, and carried a hatchet to swing in his hands alternately, that the action in his arms should balance that in his or a day and a half, was one hundred and twenty-five france, or twenty-five dollars—which amounts to over sixtees dollars a day. The fare by the express train to Paris from Marseilles was one hundred and ten france for sixteen hours, which is at the rate of thirty-three dollars a day. In France and Eugland, however, railroad travelling is much more costly than in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. In Germany the second-class cars are as good as the first-class cars elsewhere, and cost about three cents a mile—a rate which enables a traveller to go a tolerable day's journey for six dollars, at a tolerable day's journey for six dollars, at the speed of twenty-five miles as hour. In Italy the cost of rairroad travelling in first-class ears, which are most preferable, is from six to eight dollars per day of ten or twelve hours at the usual speed

HOTEL PRICES. There is not a great difference in the cost of hotel living in different parts of the conof hotel living in different parts of the con-tinent of Europe; all are cheaper than the English hotels. At a first-class hotel in London, such as the Langham, which is made so pleasant to Americans by Colonel Sanderson, formerly of New York, a good single room costs a dellar and a half a day, dunce at the table d'Aole the same, break-fast seventy-five cents, attendance thirty-seven cents, making a regular daily charge.

quiet Americans frequent, from four to cight frames, or from 80 to \$1.60 according to position; breakfast 60 cents, dioner \$1, service 25 cents a day; the whole amounting to from \$2 65 to \$3.05 a day, without wine The eight hour men will not be surprised at the appearance of a four hour man, who has taken the trouble to argue that freemen should not such as to say and dinner varies from 60 cents to \$1; and ton can make the four men and t ment for any length of time to live comfortably at from seven to ten franca a day, or from \$1.40 to \$2.5 a day. A well-oducated clergyman told me that at a good pension in the beautiful town of Lausanne he could live comfortably with his family onth at the rate of five france per day each

At Rome a clergyman of my acquaintance, who has refined tastes and a wife with good Boston notions of comfort, took rooms near our hotel, and assured me that he estimated its expenses at not more than a doilar and a half a day for each member of his family of seven persons. He hired pleasant apart-ments, and had his meals served and his work done by servants of his own. His figures may have been somewhat too low, but not much, I think. Rome is generally a cheap place to live in, and I have reason to speak well of the hotels there, alike for comfort and attention. In one respect they go beyond Switzerland in cheapness, and at the Hotel d'Angleterre, besides an excellent din-ner, the light wine of the country was given at pleasure to the guests for one dollar,

I may as well say that in Europe every-ody seems to drink wine at dinner, and the stomach is thought to be protected by it from the doubtful mercies of most of the water. My experience favors the general imthat the water is often debilitating. nd that a moderate allowance of light win and that a moderate allowance of ight wine is proper, as it is common. A frugal and temperate man may add from twenty-fire to fifty cents to his daily expenses for this item, or may substitute beer at half, perhaps

the luxury of a private parlor, they must expect to be subject to the red-tape exac-tions which wait on all royalty, and which try to make out every lady to be a queen. It is not well to overlook any casses that change our rate of expense. Thus, if we travel in a country where we have many friends who ask us to visit them or dise with them. them, our hotel bill may be less, but the cost of carriages and other incidentals may be

CARRIAGE HIRE.

CARRIAGE HIRE.

In travelling in America a large part of the expense is for transit from point to point, between botel or house and steamboats and stations. Thus you are usually charged a dollar and a half, and sometimes more, for a carriage to take you from your house in New York to the railway station, not a mile distant. In Europe the cost for such service is very fittle, and you find good conveyances within call, at very low rates. In Rome you can ride anywhere in the city with a friend a single course for sixteen cents, and the driver is quite happy if you make it twenty cents. In London you can have a cab for a mile for twenty-five cents, and for greater distances at reduced rates. In Berlin you can have a cab for twenty five cents additional. In Paris you have a good vehicle with two seats for the context and the driver and context for each context of the cents additional. In Paris you have a good vehicle with two seats for the context for each context of the cents additional. you have a good vehicle with two seats for forty-five cents an bour by day and sixty cents at night, with a few cents extra charge for boggage, and about ten per cent less if you take the vehicle in the public street, in-stead of ordering it at the stable. So great is the difference between cosch-

hire in New York and Paris, that a friend of mine in New York and Fran, that a Frand or mine in Rome, who is very accurate in his statements, told me that it cost him sixteen dollars in New York to take his family and baggage to the boat, and very much the same service was performed for him at Paris for two dollars and a half.

Labor is cheap in Europe, and cheaper than we desire to see it in America; while it is evident that labor might be cheaper here without loss to the laborer if the prices of living were less. I have not the full facts to illustrate this subject, and will speak only of what came under my notice. In Switzerland you can have a man and horse or mule a day for two dollars or two and a half, even in places where travellers are numerous; and in Germany seventy cents or a German dollar is thought fair pay for an intelligent guide in the city or country. In Venice, Florence and Rome a dollar secures you a well-informed guide; and Mr. Bruno, at the Hotel Angleterre, Rome, who Bruno, at the Hotel Angleterre, Rome, who is a most courteous as well as intelligent man, was most happy when he carned five france a day for conducting strangers among the ruins and arts of that city. In Paris mechanics have usually five francs, or a dol-lar in gold, a day—and for a very substantial

The price of the native products of industry shows the rate of common labor. Thus you can buy in Switzerland for a dollar on a dollar and a quarter, a collar or other piece of lace that seems to require days of skillful labor; and I was assured that a lady's necktie that was offered for a dollar and a quarter took girls days to make dollar and a quarter took eight days to make. For a franc, in Venice, elaborate pieces of shell work were everywhere offered, and I did not see how more than one a day could did not see how more than one a day could be made by one pair of hands, although there is no limit to what skill can do. In Naples you can buy finely cut lava cameos at from one to two dollars each. I have a head of Dante, that cost me only two dollars, that is a little gen of art. A painter offered me a good copy of a Madonna or Sybil of Guido, I am not sure what it was, but it was very beautiful, for four napoleous, or sixteen dollars, and I did not see how he could have done it in less than that number of days. I was led to think that in Germany skilled labor brought less than a thaler, or seventy cents, a day, and in Italy thermany skilled labor brought less than a thaler, or seventy cents, a day, and in Italy apparently less. In Milan handsome gloves with three buttoons sell for forty or fifty cents a pair, and in Rome the most beautiful scarfs are sold at five and six dollars each; such as zell in New York at so many times more. Such facts of course prove that labor must be very cheap, and far cheaper than we ought to desire to see it in this country. we ought to desire to see it in this country.

HOUSE RENT.

House and rents are closely connected with the price of labor, and also of all commodities; for if labor is cheap, materials are easily got out and transported, and if building costs little, rents will generally be low, and sellers can live well on comparatively small profits. In many parts of Europe, where the buildings are numerous and the population does not increase perhand diwhere the buildings are numerous and the population does not increase, perhaps diminishes, houses are almost as free as the hills and pastures, and are locked as the discrete as the hills and pastures, and are locked as the discrete as the locked a hills and pastures, and are looked upon as having a sort of superannuated value. They once cost something and were valuable, but once cost romething and were valuable, but they have had their day and use, and, like old ships, whatever is made out of them is so much unexpected luck. I suppose that a family with little money, who wish to live with a look of splendor, may find many a palace in Italy in the decayed cities at less rent than will secure a third-rate house in New York. I did not inquire the prices of stores in Europe, but growly seemed to me. stores in Europe, but goods seemed to me generally cheap, and rents must be somewhat in proportion. I bought a good silk hat in Yenice for \$3.40; a handsome suit of light woollen summer clothes of the Court tailor in Berlin for \$20, and had them made I confess that his Majesty's costo order. somewhat surprised me with his workmen to my room, at the Hote Rayal, to try on the coat in its unfinished condition on Sunday morning, just as I was preparing to go to the pulpit of the Ameri-can Chapel in Berlin—a fact that made the preacher think more, not less, of the good old Subbath rest of our genuine Americans.

Rents in Europe vary much in different cities and different seasons. Reports repre-sent the present charges at Rome as enormons, and I presume that there is some foundation for them. Yet I went about among the furnished apartments there with Bruno, to get information for a friend, and I found excellent quarters for the whole is proper, as it is common. A frugal and temperate man may add from twenty-fire to season at rates that would be thought very moderate in New York. Everybody lives tiem, or may substitute beer at half, perhaps quarter, the cost.

Of course we may greatly increase or lessen our expenses by our habits of frugality or extravagance. I am speaking of the moderate outlay for one person. If one has a private parior the amount is nearly doubled, and the presence of ladies always brings more formality, delicacy, attendance and delay. If husband and wife travel together the expenses are in most respects more than doubled; and even if they do not indulge in doubled; and even if they do not indulge in the sum of the process of licentious habits, the importance in the whole thought very moderate for the work of licentious habits, the importance is that would be thought very moderate in New York. Everybody lives there is suits of rooms on floors, and I visited no one but the Pope who had the whole house to himself. In fact I do not remember visiting any friends on the Continuent who occupied a whole house except a private parior the amount is nearly doubled, and the presence of ladies always brings more formality, delicacy, attendance and delay. If husband and wife travel together the expenses are in most respects more than doubled; and even if they do not indulge in thousand dollars a year for families such as

would be obliged to spend two or three times that amount for a suitable house in New York. At Rome the American Club rents the ground floor of the Palace Gregori for \$1,500 a year; a suite of rooms which would cost about as many thousands in an equally central hotel in New York. When I left Benne, at the close of November, the prices of rooms had not been generally raised, and there were long lists of vacant apartments at the banker's, although in some cases attempts had been made to extort exorbitant sums from families that had taken lodgings without baying made terms taken lodgings without having made terms previously. The Roman people are said to be very mean and grasping in money mat-ters, and a very excellent American priest, ters, and a very excellent American priest, who in isted upon it that they were pure in their domestic morals, allowed that they were not to be trusted at all in business affairs, and were sure to cheat you whenever it was possible. I did not see much of this disposition, perhaps because I dealt mostly with the best class of people, and was, moreover, not worth plucking.

ADVICE TO AMERICAN FAMILIES.

I am sometimes asked if families of limited means, who find it hard to live on their incomes here, can do better by going abroad. My advice to American families is, that they should look upon their own country and home as the best place for themother things being equal, and that they should regard it as a great advantage to live in a climate and among a recole familiar to should regard it as a great advantage to live in a climate and ameng a people familiar to them. Yet it is underiable that small incomes bring far more comfort and advantage abroad than at home—not only by buying more commodities, but by saving self-respect from the sharp wounds which so often are made here by reduced fortune and the too frequent loss of attention. Thus a family of half a dozen persons in New York city, with two or three thousand dollars income, cannot live in what is called genteel style, and keep in society, and educate the child or children, while in Geneva, or Dresden, or Munich, they can get along comfortably with that sum, I think, and can be free from the painful comparisons that are made here between them and more showy neighbors. Moreover, they can abroad associate with persons of refinement on the basis of character and intelligence, instead of wealth and parade, and also live within reach of music and other arts that are pleasing and instructive, and sefficient within reach of music and other arts that are pleasing and instructive, and sufficient to meet the social wants, which in America are met often in such a prodigal way. I am assured that at Dusseldorf, and near by on assured that at Dusseldorf, and near by on
the Rhine, you can rent a good house and
garden for two or three hundred dollars, with
good churches and schools within reach. It
is remarkable how little respectability depends upon mere money getting and money
spending in the most cultivated portions of
Europe; and I have visited a great scholar
at Berlin, in his frugal rooms on the third
floor of the house, and found him courtly as
well as refined, and not only in the best Berlin society, but a favored guest at the King's
table. We Americans ought to have this
spirit, and respect worth more than wealth;
but I am sorry to say that nowhere in the
world have I seen so much sycophancy, to
mere money as in this metropolis of ours.
We are a young nation, but are suffering

We are a young nation, but are suffering from some of the worst vices that the Old world has outgrown. While France is mak-ing a new study of social economy, and the art of living is more and more based upon positive science, and to live beyond the in-come is thought folly as much as wrong, we are rushing on pell-mell into extravagance, are rushing on pell-mell into extravagance, and bringing up our children like princes. Shortly after returning home, I chauced to shortly after returning home, I chauced to pur Fifth avenue on a pleasant day, and was startled by the splendor of equipand was startled by the splendor of equipages, and especially the excessive dress of the ladies on foot. What did it mean? for it looked like a grand parade, such as would have brought Paris into the streets in admiration. But no. It was only the usual show. All that array of feathers and lace, velvet, satin, and cashmere—all that marvellous work upon the hair, and perhaps upon the face—it was nothing unusual, but an every-day affair. I confess to thinking that our American ladies are the band-somest on earth, and I have no quarrel with beauty or with any other gift of God; but I am sure that they would be none too less dear to

that they would be none the less dear to men if their habits were less expensive. Abroad you feel that money is a very serious matter, and that it must be carned with great effort. Thus Switzerland is rising from ice and filth under the spur of gain; and while the desire to earn money is not the highest motive, it is better than no motive at all, and may start other motives in its turn; and certainly a great many virtues tend to go with industry and thrift. Italy is feeling the same spur, and is going through Italian peasant regards a shining franc, so much of solid value that is usually out of his reach does it command, and it puts him in possession of some luxury that would otherwise be as far out of his reach as a star of heaven. It is well for Americans to con-nect this love of gain with bonest industry, and not encourage idleness or folly by prodigality or alms-giving.

At home we need the same care with our-selves and our children; and we are not only to return to the old specie payment, but to the old specie sobriety. At present our habits are more inflated than our cur-rency; and we need at once the reduction of our public taxes and our private extravagance. The costs of living moderately here are great, and the last few years have a story to tell of embarrasement and wretch-edness in families of refined tastes that has not yet been written. It is not wise to exnot yet been written. It is not wise to ex-pect to set back the tide of custom by words, but every bonest and just word does some good, and my earnest word to Americans is this, as I close this easay: Be true to this republic of Washington and Franklin; make it easier for Americans to live at home than abroad; encourage the industry that earns a fair income, and the economy that gives it a fair market for buying and selling; make it possible for worthy young people to marry and live together in comfortable homes; stop the work of licentious habits, the im-

HOMOH GWA TIN

## Window Gardening.

In these chilty wintry days, when Nature has doffed her green manile and shrouded herself in her eider down covering of snow, all lovers of house plants pay close attention to their window gardens, and sigh to see the green leaves fade, the plants wither and finally die.

from lawer sawe, and plants from lawer sawe sawe hearts, we think that we know a little concerning their cultivation. There are some plants which will thrive with scarcely any care; will scud forth new leaves, and then the sweet, pure blossoms, regardless of the treatment they receive. Among these the Chinese Primrose takes front rank. Eight to ten months out of the twelve will find it cevered with its showy white or brilliant pink flowers. Its cost is small; a twenty-five cent scrip will purchase a well-grown plant—and its flowers are a certainty. Cast Violets blossom all winter, and perfume the plant—and its flowers are a certainty. Coar Violets blossom all winter, and perfume the air with their woodcous fragrance. The flower is single, like a wild violet; but its sweetness is unsurpassed by its more dazzling sisters. Belgium Daisies will blossom for month». Beganias will also well repay the cultivator, and push forth their waxen petal blossoms during all the gloomy winter season. Boueuredias, with their coral flowers, adorn a window garden for many months with a quick succession of buds and blossoms. The variegated foliaged plants are a charming addition to our parternes. Their brightly-tinted leaves are almost as beautiful as flowers. The crass for these plants has developed largely of late years, and the Florist's Catalogues offer us a large assortment. There are various species of Achyranthus, and of Coleus, each and all of them very desirable to the amazeur gardener. All the above mentioned plants grow without much coaxing, and with a Rose geranium, and several varieties of Horse Shoe geranium, will form a very respectable ranium, and several varieties of Horse Shoe geraniums, will form a very remarkable geraniums, will form a very respectable "window garden;" and give great pleasure to not only their owner, but to the pas-

sure to not only their owner, but to the passer-by.

Flowers blooming in windows are very attractive, far more so than gorgeous upholstery and filmy lace. They possess a charmabove price. The amateur cultivator finds his greatest difficulty in flowering plants to proceed from the dryness of the air of the room. The plants connot be sprinkled daily on account of their nearness to the windows; but the leaves can be sponged over with a soft cloth or a bit of sponge. This clears them of dust and keeps open the breathing pores, for a plant breathes through its leaves. They are its lungs; if they are clears them of dust and keeps open the breathing pores, for a plant breathes through its leaves. They are its lungs; if they are clogged it must wither away and die. Without a sufficient amount of air, light and water they will also become weak and sickly, and will eventually perish. Fresh air should be given every day, unless the thermometer marks below zero all day. The win low at which they stand can be opened from the top if the sun shines bright and warm upon the plants; if not, open one in another part of the room, for ten minutes at least. This supply of pure air is quite as needful for the human life which occupies the room as for the plant life. Every day, while we can our dinner, the parlor is aired by door and window, and when we return the room is so refreshing we enjoy it with the plants. Bud air kills more of our children than any disease, in fact it breeds it—is the cause of diptheria, fevers, écc., écc., to the end of the catalogue of diseases.

There is an art in watering plants which a novice rarely knows. They should never be watered unless they are really thirsty; unless the surface of the soil is dry, then water until in runs out into the saucer. Afunless the surface of the soil is dry, then water until in runs out into the saucer. After all are thus thoroughly watered, turn out the surplus which is in the saucers, as it is injurious to most plants to have the pot stand in water. Hydrangeas, Calla Lilies, and Lobelias, are the exceptions which prove this rule. Plants which are budding and blossoming vigorously, require more water than those which are not so healthy. In fact judgment is needful in this matter of watering, and it is only attained by practice. One thing is very necessary, and that is always to use water warm to the hand. Never apply even one drop of cold water. It chills the roots so that they cannot grow. We had a friend who used to water her plants with the tea left in the tenpet after breakfast, and her success as a cultivator was marvellous! Rather expensive after "this cruel war;" but it certainly was efficacious. All plants kept in rooms should be well washed at least once a fortnight, and once a week will ensure a more healthy growth. A bathing or a wash-tub does the work well. Set the pots in it, sprinkle the tops with warm water, then scrue of the roots and the sau pots in it, sprinkle the tops with warm or; theu scrub off the pots and the sau-; set them in the kitchen to drain for cers; set them in the kitchen to drain for awhile. If you are mistress of the kitchen, this process can be accomplished without much trouble. If Bridget or Dinah is mistress—why—the case is altered! Still cleanliness is all important to plant culture. No plant will flourish unless it is attended to in this respect; and it is one reason why so few succeed in ruising house plants to per-fection. If a newspaper is thrown over a fection. If a newspaper is thrown over a stand of plants every time the carpet is sweept, a great deal of dust is warded off; but still the dust will eventually clog the pores and stifle the life of our cherished pets. If a lady would wash her plants as often as she washes her poodle dog, there would be a much greater show of flowers on her stand. Newspapers are also invaluable for protecting plants on frosty nights, either pinned around them in cornucopia shape, or several thicknesses of them inserted between the plants and the windows. When the mercury early in December fell to twenty-five below zero, our plants were thus prothe mercury early in December fell to twenty-five below zero, our plants were thus protected in a room warmed by a fireplace. Newspapers are invaluable assistants in more ways than one. How mortals lived before the art of printing was invented we cannot conceive! Surely the dwellers in remote country villages were to be pitted. But now by the medium of the newspaper we can learn all things desirable and undesirable; can be taught to keep house, carry on a farm, and last but not least, adorn our dwellings with the fairest of God's gifts—the pure; sweet flowers, which fully repay all the expense and attention they receive at our hands. The culture we bestow upon them is returned to us a hundred told. The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot remain insactive. If it is not employed and cultivated into a lovely garden it will soon become overrun with weeds of a wide and content and hear reiches fortice. will soon become overrun with weeds of a wild, rank growth, and bear vicious fruit. Let us cherich a love for flowers in our children's heart—encourage them to tend and cultivate flowers—to love the Beautiful wherever it can be seen, and we shall learn—

"There is a religion in every flower, Its still small voice is as the voice of con-

Mountains, and oceans, planets, suns, and

aystems.

Bear not the impress of Almighty power,
In characters more legible than those
Which He has written on the timest flower,
Whose light bell bends beneath the devdrop's weight."

- New England Farmer.

West, as a sort of counterbalance to our spring weather here.

West, as a sort of counterbalance to our spring weather here.

That was a profound philosopher who compared advertising to a growing crop. He said, "The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping the corn is growing. So with advertising; while you are sleeping or eating, your advertisement is being read by thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, nor never would had it not been for your advertising."

nor never would had it not been advertising."

The California News Letter gives its news in such a very epitomised form that the full meaning is altogether lost at times. For instance, the other day it stated briefly: "Man hanged for disagreeing with his brother-in-law." We were at a loss to discover why a family quarrel was thus severely punished, till we learnt from another source that the man in question disagreed so viopunished, till we learnt from another source that the man in question disagreed so violently with his brother-in-law that he actually "went against his stomach"—with a bowie knife,—Fun.

\*\*\* AN OFFICIAL VISIT.—The Milwaukee

The Milwaukee Sentinel tells a formy story of a late official visit to the Reform School at Waukesha. The boys belonging to the institution were assembled together for the purpose of being "talked to" by the members of the committee. The Governor was the first gentleman to make remarks, in the course of which he asked the beys if they could tell him what the committee energy. To which a bright the committee came for. To which a bright little boy at once responded: "Yes, sir, to be reformed!".

be reformed!".

\*\*\*Thr. Burlingame must have a nice time of it, getting \$70,000 gold a year from China for "travelling expenses."

\*\*\*Three Travelling expenses."

\*\*Three Travelling expe

FLOUR—There has been more doing. Sales 9000 bbls Pennsylvania at \$4,250,450 for superfine; \$565,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; \$5,506,6 for Onto-West extra family; and \$5,5006,6 for Onto family. 400 bbls of Rye Flour sold at \$4,87% @5

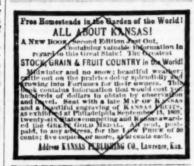
North-West extra family; and \$0,50% 5,25 for Ohio family. 400 bils of Rye Flour sold at \$4,87% 50 bils.

GRAIN—There has been more inquiry for Wheat. 25,000 bus Pennsylvania and Western r-d at \$1,25 for prime; \$1,1861,130 for common. 10,000 bus of white sold at \$1,506,1,00 bus, as to quality. Rye—\$800 bus sold at \$2,506,10 bus, as to quality. Rye—\$800 bus sold western and Pennsylvania at \$1,62,101; and \$5,000 bus of new at \$5,694c \$1 bus. Corn—Salee of 15,000 bus of western and Pennsylvania at \$1,62,101; and \$5,000 bus of new at \$5,694c \$1 bus. Onte—\$0,000 sold at \$26,37c \$1 bus. PhOVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of \$500 bbls new Mess Pork at \$28,638. Mess Reef may be quoted at \$90,506,21 for city packed extra family. Racon; sales of plain and isney canvassed hame at 186,189c; Kzcelsor Hams at 19c; Sides at 166,18c, and Shoulders at 13% \$15c. Green Meats; sales of 600 teep pickled Hams at 15c. 619cc, and Shoulders, in salt, at 114,612c. Lard; sales of \$75 bbls and tos at 16c,817c for steam and kettle readered; kegs at 186,20c. Butter; sales of good roll at \$56,37c; very choice do at \$5c. choice New York tab at 406,48c; Penna and Western and solid packed harges trous 15 to 18c. Cheese; sales at 186,103c. Reg sell at \$35,000 sle for white sales of Apples sell at \$3,000,50 for Western and Applesses of Apples sell at \$3,000,50 for Western and Applesses of Apples sell at \$4,000,50 for Western and Self Self Self or pared. Cramberrice sell at \$12,014 bbl.

RELDS—Sales of 3600 bus Cloverseed at \$7,750. 8,125 for prime quality. Throthe commands \$4,75 cm.

# PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The sapply of Sect Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 94 25.10% cts \$1.000 Cowe brought from \$50 to 75 \$10 head. Sheep-12,000 head were disposed of at from \$2.50 \$1.50 \$



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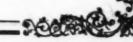
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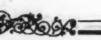
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# wit and humor.

# Answers to Correspondents.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

Hopey Bubblejaw.—You will probably have to submit to your husband's ecosetricities. It doesn't warm hardly the thing for him to bring a sumager home for a couple of weeks, and infraduce you as the servant girl, and he is decidedly wrong in saying that a little coffee graunds in the bottom of his cap would be considered sufficient growneds for diverse. I don't know your husband, but I should judge that when he was born his mother perpetuated a fraud. Julia asks.—"Where, O, where can true love be found?" In the sensation newspapers.

love be found?" In the sensation newspapers.

Job Spittlehouse.—There is no stated rule for writing love letters. You should write on fools-cap paper, and bear on an soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sinsle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a hunck of pathococasionally, such as, "Dearest Augustus, I love you with a love larger than an elsphant's; I think of you every day, and hyand-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day." It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or, "I hove a sigh in this vioinity." A tear or two aren's bad, if dropped in the right place. If you are short of tears, a drop of vinegar is good.

W. B., Chelsea.—Yes, George Washington is dead.

Scholar says—"I okasionly dabble in postry, and my friends say that I have gut talenks. I send you one of my poims, wich took the prize in our town last samination, and you can print it, if you don't think them Atlantic Monthly fellers will go for it:—

## "A REVERIE.

1.

"I had a dreme,
I thought I was alone, alone;
O! it did seme
So sad, away from home, from home

11.

"My head upon my hand I lent, I lent; My eyes upon the sand I bent, I bent.

"I thort of other dase, And things, and things; Of happy, childish place, And strings, and strings."

Your style is certainly vigorous, and your pathon selies competition, still I shouldn't blame your family for looking forward to your funeral with a calm and tranquil joy.

Horatio.—No; Mr. Warren, at the Museum, never plays "Little Eva."

John.—You are right; Charles Dickens was the largest exporter of specie from the United States for 1868.

Ralph says—"A fellow married my sister, with the agreement that she should dress in bloomer contume, and now he won't let her.

with the agreement that she should dress in bloomer costume, and now he won't let her. Can she sue him for breach of promise?" No, but she can for a promise of breeches. Amelia asks—" How long does the honeymoon usually last?" It depends upon the quality of the honey. If it is thick and sweet, it lasts between several weeks; but if thin and watery, it sours dreadful quick; when the moon changes, a matrimonial storm immediately follows, and you are cast into a Chicage divorce court. It is like a good many other sweet things, awful nice for awhile, but followed by a bad taste in the mouth.

the mouth.

Otis says—"The other night my uncle was telling his adventures in California, and said when he first went out there he was glad to sleep on the soft side of a plank."

When a man wants to sleep on the soft side of a plank, he always takes the side with the use on it.

or a plank, he always takes the side with the neg on it. Carrie inquires—"When is the most suit-able time to get married?" April 1st. Viola.—This correspondent wants to know which is the most suitable ring for an en-

which is the most suitable ring for an engagement-ring. A seal ring is very good; so is a bridle ring. Some think the ring of a tolling bell very appropriate.

O. Shaw, Providence.—You say you ordered a suit of clothes from your tailor, and told him you would pay him some time; but he laughed in your face, and told you that "tailors didn't trust in Providence." What did he mean? O. Shaw, don't bother me.

Jockey.—Your idea that Dexter must be a very musical horse, because he "beats time" so much, is erroneous.

time" so much, is erroneous

Henry asks-" What made Pharaoh and his host cross the Red Sea?" Because they

his host cross the Red Sen?" Because they wanted to get on the other side.

Thomas, Cambridge, says—"I am seventeen years old, and madly in love with a beautiful young lady of eighty-seven, who loves me with all the ardor of her youthful passion. The marriage has been broken off twice because her mother says she is too young. I have been pining away ever since June third, and have the nightmare every afternoon. What shall I do?" Keep on minime still you nine away, and then co into

a pine box.

A Disappointed Parent says—"My only son is twenty-three years of age, but sadly deficient in education. I have sent him to the best schools in the land, but he doesn't have best schools in the land, but he doesn't have best schools in the land, but he doesn't have best schools in the land, but he doesn't have best schools in the land, but he doesn't have best schools and in fact, ain't good for the best schools in the land, but he doesn't know anything, and, in fact, ain't good for anything. What shall I do with him?" Dress him up in a tall hat, moustache and came, and let him stand on the corner of Washington street and stare at respectable

ining till you pine away, and then go into

Washington street and stare at respectable women.

Bachelor.—No. Kissing your neighbor's wife is not considered "legal tender."

Old Settler.—You say that when Washington was in Boston you drank a glass of beer at his expense. It was probably on Washington's treat then.

Elia asks—"Do you think skating is healthy?" Yes, I know it is, for the man who keeps the skating-rink told me so.

Dyspeptic asks—"Are mince pies good for dyspepsia?" Yes, they are first-rate for dyspepsia, but awful had for the man that's got it.

Historicus asks—"How long have you had horse-cars in Boston?" From ten to fifteen feet.

. Several tons of letters are standing to be answered in our supplement.

to A Missouri man was recently mar-ried, as he said, "to quiet a fuse in the church."

**Data 3**2



Eh! Why not go in for a little more false hair, and do the thing completely?

### The Bull and the Elephant.

Shavy was a quarrelsome old fellow, who, though born a Quaker, had been read out of meeting for his overbearing and irritating disposition. He owned the crossest dog, and the most troublesome steers, and the wildest cows in the neighborhood. He was always in "hot water" with his neighbors in consequence of his unruly stock. But Shavy came to grief, one day, in a way which taught him a lesson. The story is thus told:—

A short time since, Van Amburg's menagerie was obliged to pass his residence.
A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of
the elephant, Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant, discovered Shavy, seated upon a fence, watching a bull which he had turned upon the
road. Is was pawing and bellowing, and
throwing up a tremendous dust generally.

"Take that bull out of the way," shouted
Nash

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the

reply.

"If you don't take that bull away, he'll get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his furious demon-

strations.
"Don't trouble thyself about the bull "Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Shavy, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of a scrimmage—the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole county around.

Tippoo Saib came on with his uncouth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly at the elephant.

phant.
Old Tippoo, without even pausing in his march, gave his trunk a sweep, catching the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him about thirty feet in the air—the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantiv.

breaking his neck and stanty.

"I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little," shouted Nash, as he passed on.

"Bent!" cried old Shavy, with a troubled look at his dead bull; "thy elephant is too heavy for my beast—but thee will not make so much out of the operation as thee sup-

poses. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show in Jericho before I go one step; and now thee may proceed with thy elephant."

# A Compromising Spirit.

Recently, in New Orleans, a sable Adonis, named Edward Chandler, was up as a witness in a case of assault and battery. The puglilists were two females of the same choun hue with Edward himself, and a little inquiry as to the cause of the disturbance soon revealed the fact that they both claimed the dusky Lothario as their husband. Both asserted that they were lawfully married to him, and the severest cross-camination failed to disclose any thay in examination failed to disclose any the statements of either.

"Why, yo rascal, you must be a bigajudge, turning wrathfully toward Edward.

"Sar?"
"You've married both of these wo-

"Yes, sar-but dey needn't fight about Don't you know this is a criminal offence

of yours Sar?" replied Edward—the white of his eye enlarging, and looking into the judge's 'I have to arrest you for bigamy.'

"Yea."

"Den don't say no mo' 'bout it, and I'll lib wid 'em bofe," rejoined the complacent Edward, adjusting his hat, and walking leisurely from the court-room.

BY LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT.

My proud queen she gave me a rose A rose that itself was a queen; And my queen, ab! she knows, she knows She herself is a rose, I ween, And a rose is more than a queen.

The rose, it had lain on her breast-Its perfume was only her breath; ut torn from that refuge so bleat, What remained for the rose?—only

death.
Since it borrowed sweet life from her breath.

Oh, rose! thou poor rose of my queen!
Oh, queen! thou proud queen of the rose!
Oh ghost of the love that has been!
Thy step haunt my heart's sad repose,
They fall like dead leaves from the rose!

## THE DAISY.

Il m'aime un peu, beaucoup, passionnement, pas

"Answer me, sweet little daisy,—
Answer me, and tell me true,
Is the love returned, or hopeless,
That I cherish—hid from view?"
And replied the little daisy,
As I plucked it leaf by leaf,
"Ask me not: suspense is better
Than a truth-revealing grief."

But I rent the little flower, Cast its blossoms to the wind; For a foolish superstition For a foolish superstition
Had possession of my mind.
And repeated in rotation.
As I let each white shred fall,
Does he love me much? A little?
Passionately? Not at all?"

And the last words of the daisy
Tolied a knell upon my ear,
For I felt that it had spoken
Truth I long had feared to hear.
All too late! Alas, I love him
With a love beyond recall!
Deep within my heart 'tis buried;
For he loves me—not at all!

## A Good Wife.

The following sentences from Archbishop ceker's "Wedding Ring" are worth read-

ing twice:

Hast thou a soft heart?—it is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife?—she is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, "He is not a man that hath not a woman." Though man alone may be good, yet

ord a maning. In the stew have a sying, "He is not a man that hath not a woman." Though man sleue may be good, yet
it is not good that man should be alone.—
"Every good gift and every perfect gift is
from above." A wife, though she be not a
perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted
from the Eun of mercy. How happy are
those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found
favor in God's eyes find favor in yours.
Husbands should spread a mantle of charity
over their wives' infirmities. Do not put
out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another
to love; and they should love one another,
notwithstanding provocations. The tree of
love should grow up in the midst of the
family, as the tree of life grew in the garden
of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for that lacks one; let him sigh for that hath lost one; let him delight in that enjoys one.

# AGRICULTURAL.

# Foot Hot in Sheep.

In a recent communication of Dr. Boynoot rot in sheep, I notice mends treating each foot in a new or successare fully and with as much precision as you would a sore finger. Now with a flock of a dozen sheep that is all well enough, especially if they are fancy ones. But how is pecially if they are fancy ones. But how is it in flocks of one to five hundred? The "eternal vigilance" would have to be accom-panied with a great amount of very disagree-

panied with a great amount of very disagreeable labor.

Now I propose to give my experience briefly in this matter of foot rot. In the first place, I went through "the mill" when I was a boy, and "lived out;" and learned something of the process of doctoring with vitriol in the old fashioned way. In 1846, after commencing for myself in Vermont, I had a flock of about 130 sheep, and they got the foot rot, and got it badly. Well, I went to work and worked two whole days—I was alone in those days—on that flock, paring and plastering, and I remember well what a miserable, dirty, back-aching job it was. Well, the sheep got better—a good deal beter—but after awhile, they began to grow lame again; either a relapse of old cases or the coming on of new; probably both. I thought to myself, this will never do. I can't go that job over again, I must devise some wholesale mode of doctoring. So I went to work and built a small yard in a part of the pasture nearest the house, in which I put my salt trunche and sheep had. pasture nearest the house, in which I put my salt troughs, and when the sheep had got a little salt hungry, called them into the yard, gave them their salt, shut them in and kept them long enough to be sure they all found the rait. As soon as the sheep had got used to coming into the yard after had got used to coming into the yard after their salt, I placed a trough six or eight feet long en the ground in the narrow gate way, and fenced it so that the cheep in going into the yard would be onliged to walk the whole length of the trough. The bottom of the trough should be mearly level and wide enough for a sheep to walk in. I put into the trough one or two pails of salt brine, or enough to cover the hoofs, and also a solution of vitriol, and a pound or two of tobacco, steeped. I think I depended as

much upon the brine as the vitriel, and I had some faith in the curative qualities of tobacco. At any rate it served to prevent the sheep from licking up the brine. Now the sheep must have their salt, and there was no way to get it but to walk straight through that mixture in the trough. It was fun to see them walk mincipally through it fun to see them walk mincingly through it without knowing what it was for. In a short time my sheep were cured, and remained cured while I owned the flock, nearly two

years.
Any flock of sheep I believe may be cured of foot rot in that same way. I never knew a flock of over a huadred that was ever perfectly cured in any other way. My neighbors at the time advised me to take out a patent for my discovery; but I never did. So every sheep raiser has the right to adopt my plan, or the old one of paring and plantering by hand.—A. G. Noyee in N. E. Farmer.

By ne earthly process, in my opinion, can so much nutriment be so cheaply extracted from four square rods of ground as by plasting an apple tree in the centre, and giving it good cultivation.

Apples need the ground, the whole of it, and all it contains, but "immemorial usage" allows an apple tree no rights that husbandmen are bound to respect; it is haggled and mangled, roots and branches, and the soil exhausted in the production of other crops. Charging the apples with the ground they actually grow upon and appropriate, they give far better returns as food for man or beast than corn, wheat or potatoes.

New York, particularly western New York, has a character at home and abroad for fruit. If a better apple country was ever made, I confess I never heard of it. We occupy the precise position where the tree is hardy and healthy, and the fruit comes nearest perfection.

is hardy and healthy, and the fruit comes nearest perfection.

I know of no ordinary farm crop that at all compares, during a series of years, with apples, if we take into the account the small expense at which they are raised. Should we reduce the yield to one-half barrel to the tree, apples would still be our most profitable crop.

I boldly claim that the average of our orchards could be doubled by good cultivation.

orchards could be doubled by good cultivation.

An acre of ground that will produce forty barrels of good fruit, ought to be excused from growing grain. Whatever grain or root crops are grown upon it, detract doubtless more than they are worth from the apple crops. We cannot, without great expanse and trouble, return to the soil all the elements which our wheat, corn and potatoes take from it. When I hear of trees standing near a wood pile, in the corner of a fence, near the barn, or the hog pen, or the kitchen door, I am prepared for a big yield. The great majority of our apple trees are either starved or go very hungry.—H. T. Brooks.

## Rearing Trout.

Any one with a spring of good soft water at his command can secure the luxury of brook trout upon his breakfast table every morning for six months in the year. We heard of a Massachusetts farmer who, this season, besides supplying his own table with these delicious fish, sold three hundred pounds of fish at fifty cents per pound. His poud was made and stocked only two years ago at an expense of \$35, and covers about an eighth of an acre of land, and he fully expects to triple the product next season. Now, independent of the pleasure derived from rearing the fish and the luxury of eating them, and taking a mere practical dollars and cents view of the case, we cannot conceive how an eighth of an acre of land can be made to yield as much clear profit under any species of cultivation. Solon Robinson, who is known to all agricultural readers as a practical man whose opinions are worth semething, has been among the fish breeders of New England this summer, and says that the only difficulties he can see in the way of pisciculture becoming a profitable branch of rural economy is the difficulty of providing for the fish a sufficient quantity of animal food. We fancy the animal offal from most households would go a long way toward furnishing a supply. Let the viscera of poultry and animals slaughtered for the table and for market be passed through an ordinary sausage grinder or cutter, and they will furnish ample food

passed through an ordinary sausage grinder or cutter, and they will furnish ample food for many more trout than would suffice the home demand.—Turf, Field and Farm.

They never lie down night nor day; they are always kept standing—and even after a long journey, are only suffered to give a tumble or two on the sand, and then made to rise. This custom prevails all over Egypt. ton on foot rot in sheep, I notice he recommends treating each foot in a flock of sheep as carefully and with as much precision as you would a sore finger. Now with a flock of a dozen sheep that is all well enough, especially if they are fanoy ones. But how is mon to see the Bedouin children playing under their bellies. When an Arab sells his mare, he rarely sells all his property in her; he disposes of what he calls a third or fourth, which is merely a reservation of the second or third foal for himself or his family. second or third foat for nimset or his family.
Their genealogy must be proved at Mecca,
for one race only is valued, which is that of
the Prophet's favorite mare. Mahomet, it
is said, prized this animal for refusing to
death after a long journey in the desert drink after a long journey in the desert when he called his stud from the well, an water. It is so difficult to get a thorough-bred Arab mare to send out of the country, that I doubt if any ever go to England.

# RECEIPTS.

CHICKENS EN TIMBALE.—Prepare a batter with two spoonfuls of flour, some grated ter with two spoonfuls of flour, some grated nutmeg, four eggs, stirred in, one at a time, and some new milk, but do not make it too thin. Fry it as if for pancakes, but remember to have a very thin layer in the frying-pan, and brown it only on one side. Cut each pancake (all but two or three) in half, place a whole one at the bottom of a mould previously buttered, and the others round the sides, fill the mould nearly with a thick mince of chicken, moistened with good white sauce. Turn the ends of the pancakes over it, and cover the top with a whole one. Bake it in a moderate oven, and when done, turn it out, and dish it with good gravy. It makes a nice side-dish.

WINTER SQUARH TO BAKE.—Take a good

## THE RIDDLES.

The men employed in a factory work 12 hours, the women 9 hours, and the boys 8 hours, each day; for labering the same number of hours, each man receives a half more than each woman, and each woman a third more than each boy; the entire sum paid to all the women each day is double of the sum paid to all the boys; and for every five dollars earned by all the women each day, twelve dollars are earned by all the meu. Required—To find the number of each class employed, the entire number being 59.

\*\*EAT\* An answer is requested.

An answer is requested.

The sum of the squares of the extremes of four numbers in arithmetical progression is 200; and the sum of the squares of the means is 126. Required—The numbers.

Miami Station, Mo.

WILL.

### Word Square.

Word Square.

Form a "word square" with five words of five letters each that may be read backwards and forwards, up and down, each reading giving a different word.

Bend solution to

ARTEMAS MARTIN,

Boz 70, McKean, Eric Co., Pa.

Why should children never be taken to artists' studios? Ans.—Because of them easels (the measels) there.

If all the women went to Shanghai, where would the meu go? Ans.—They'd go to Pekin (peek in.)

EFEQUALITY.—Why is the letter "O" like the equator? Ans.—Because it is a circle dividing the gl-o-be into two equal parts.

parts.

If a woman were to change her sex, what sort of a being would she become?

Ans.—She would be a he then—a heathen.

Why are clouds like coachmen? Ans.

Because they hold the rains.

Answer to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired, are not to be compared to it."

Editor of the Riddler.—The answers to my "coin" Problem of Oct. 23rd, 1869, published in the Poer of January 1st, are all

lished in the Post of January 1st, are all wrong.

By mistake I sent the probability of striking instead of the probability of not striking. I wrote once to correct the error, and probably repeated it.

The probability "that the coin will go through without striking" is 0.0434, and the probability that it will strike the wire is 0.9566.

In the calculation of these answers the ameter of the wires, being small, is ne-

glooted.

If the thickness or diameter of the wires be taken into account, the probability of striking would be a little greater.

Those who would know more about the nature of this Problem, are referred to the "Reprint of the Mathematics from the Educational Times," vol. 1, pp. 56-58; and to the "Lady's and Gentleman's Diary," for 1869, pp. 80, 90, where they will find a complete discussion of the general Problem of which the one under consideration is a particular case.

case.

I observe that answers conflicting with nine are given to a great many of my Prob-lems; but I cannot spare time to disprove them. If the solutions were published, it could be more readily seen whose were cor-

We need a MATHEMATICAL PERIODICAL,

We need a MATHEMATICAL PERIO DICAL, devoted largely to Problems and solutions. Why have we not one? I am asked this question every few days.

While almost every other science has its own appropriate journal, the science of mathematics is without any particular organ in this country; and those who want a mathematical periodical, are compelled to patronize a foreign publication. We have the "American Naturalist," the "American Entomologist," the "American Artisan," &c.; why not the American Mathematician? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

WINTER SQUASH TO BOIL.-Cut up your squash and wash it; put it in boiling water, and have only water enough to barely cover it; as soon as you can stick a fork through it, it is done; drain—throw in some salt it, it is done; drain—throw in some calteset it on the store and let it remain a few minutes (uncovered) to dry out the steam; now mash it until it has no lumps; a piece of butter improves it, and if it is very dry and mealy, so as to almost choke you to eat it, add a little sweet milk when you mash it. Squash should boil briskly.

VELYET CREAM.—To a pint of cream put

VELVET CREAM.—To a pint of cream put a very little sugar, keep stirring it over the fire till the sugar is dissolved, and then take it off; but keep on attrring it till it is about the warmth of new milk, after which pour it through a fine colender into a dish containing three spoonfuls of lemon or orange-juice, a little grated peel and a little fruit marmalade, chopped small, with two spoonfuls of white wine. This should be presented the evening before it is wanted. pared the evening before it is wanted.

A PIPPIN PUDDING.—Boil six apples well;

A PIPPIN PUDDING.—Boil six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon-peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff paste round your dish, bake it in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and serve it hot.

ANOTHER.—Take the pulp of two large roasted apples, the peel and juice of one lemon, the yolks of six eggs, two Savoy biscuits grated, a quarter of a pound of butter melted, and sugar to your taste. Beat the ingredients together, put a puff paste round your dish, and bake it.

TO Fix Pencil Drawings.—The plan generally pursued by artists is to dissolve a

generally pursued by artists is to dissolve a piece of gum the size of a pea in a tumbler of cold water, and with a camel's-hair brush

half, place a whole one at the bottom of a mould previously buttered, and the others round the sides, fill the mould nearly with a thick mince of chicken, moistened with good white sauce. Turn the ends of the pancakes over it, and cover the top with a whole one. Bake it in a moderate oven, and when done, turn it out, and dish it with good gravy. It makes a nice side-dish.

WINTER SQUASH TO BAKE.—Take a good squash; cut it up and take out the seeds, but do not pare it; put it in the oven and bake till tender; mash with butter, pepper and salt.

